MEN AND POWER

Books by

HENRY J. TAYLOR

Germany's Economy of Coercion

Time Runs Out

Men in Motion

MEN AND POWER

BY

HENRY J. TAYLOR, 1902–

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To

ROY W. HOWARD
GEORGE B. PARKER
WALKER STONE

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CHAPTER ONE

Looking for Boatman Hitler's Body

THE WAR IN EUROPE ended for me at Berchtesgaden. I had seen it start in Berlin, in August, 1939, when the Germans crashed into Poland. In the years since then the war seemed endless. Seasons passed, the scenes shifted, everything and everyone in Europe grew older, and the cycle seemed to expand from the cycle of war to the cycle of history.

And now the Hitler epoch—fantastic, dreamlike, and yet as hard and real as the barrel of a gun—was over.

The climb to Hitler's Eagle Nest provided its own climax. I found his hideaway intact: unbombed, unburned, and sumptuously ready for the master to walk serenely out of his Germanic clouds and come through the door. And as the first newspaperman to reach the mountain top, I also found myself in trouble because his trick elevator, running inside the rock up to the peak, was out of commission.

The valley power plant was block-busted as our attack approached Berchtesgaden in the last days of the war, and all comers were admonished to wait until the dynamo was repaired and the electricity turned on. Then the famous elevator would reveal whatever could be found in Hitler's eyrie. The Germans insisted there was no other way to reach it.

But this was May 4th, the day after Hitler's death was announced in Berlin. In the furor created in Europe and all over the world, who knew but that his unfound body (or Hitler alive) might not be up there in clouds? You could poke around the ruins

of his valley house, as dead and uninteresting as a bashed-in derby hat, only so long. Then the urge to go up to his hideaway proved too much. My cub plane pilot, Major Norman Tanner of Salt Lake City, and our jeep driver, Corporal Charles Waters of Los Angeles, and I, wanted to see what we could see.

Kehlstein (Stone Throat) mountain, 10,000 feet high, the highest peak in the great grey punch-bowl range which joined the white clouds in the sky and shut out the Berchtesgaden valley from the world, lifted the hideaway too far above the layers of mist to be visible. But it was up there somewhere on the very top of Kehlstein, we were told, perched on a twisted, rock-spined pinnacle above the gigantic base and trunk and dome, and beyond the gorges, glaciers, and buttresses, in the vast silence of the cloud-mass.

Shadows flowed in a wave up the flat mountainside, breaking the barren wall into triangular shapes, tiering one upon the other like piles of Gibraltars; and as the sun lit patches of snowfields on the higher faces of the rock and showed a winding line which appeared to be a road, we decided that we would try to go up as far as we could.

Loading our jeep with gas, we drove through the damaged and deserted road-block beyond Der Platterhof, the Berchtesgaden resort hotel, and beyond Hitler's bombed-out, bay-windowed house. The thoroughfare, free now of its squadrons and squares of men, led to a winding mountain road. This became a spiral shelf, surfaced with macadam, chiselled on the bare cold face of Kehlstein.

At the end of the first zigzag mile, we passed a deserted electric sentry box, the first of six, its barrier lowered across the road and its powerline and telephone wires disappearing into the rock.

We hoisted the barrier by its hand crank. A succession of dull metallic clinks sounded in the vast stillness. We went on. Birdhouses propped on tall poles, spick and span and each numbered by a white celluloid tag, stood at regular spaces like fence posts by the side of the road. Even the birdhouses were regimented, but the birds, like the Nazi sentries, were gone. There was no sign of life on the road to Valhalla.

Spiraling in a steady climb, the macadam ledge led through an

overhanging tunnel to another zigzag turn and another sentry box. Lurching around the narrow corner, we clocked this point as four miles from the start of the private road. High wooden gates, barricading each end of each tunnel, swung aimlessly on their hinges. To go through, all we had to do was push the gates open. The road itself did not appear to be mined. In any case, if there were mines we missed them.

At the third such tunnel we were up to the snow line. There our troubles began. A drift blocked the exit, sealing with tons of snow all except space enough for a man to walk out.

We abandoned our jeep in the tunnel. (Waters' name for his jeep blazed in white paint: "Don't Fence Me In.") We continued a mile or so up the spiral road on foot. Here the gaunt, dull mountain wall, blasted white and raw in chiseling the girdling road, was painted pale green and festooned with vinelike streamers of camouflage cloth. Looking up, we could see the hideaway plainly now, a grey stone shape perched like a thimble on the hazy peak of Kehlstein's cone. It was a sheer drop to the valley below us. There the toy villages, sparkling streams, and green meadows made a patchquilt fairyland, as though peace must be everywhere and that all this must be for the eyes of poets and lovers alone.

The high and brilliant sun had set fire to the whole range of spring colors down there and touched the mountain peaks everywhere with the shadows of moving clouds. Here was the perfection of the good earth. Here were two kingdoms: that of God's beauty, and that of a renegade man.

At the next zigzag turn, our walk was over. The road suddenly widened into something like a parking space, surrounded by a low fence, and butted directly into a giant bronze door set in the face of the mountain. This was the tunnel entrance to the elevator shaft in the center of the precipice. Half covered with snow, the door stood ten feet by ten feet. Carved bronze lions served as handles. It was framed in a rose-tinted marble casement, marked on the top with the inscription "Erbaut (built)—1938."

Hitler's sanctuary, Nazidom's holy of holies, large and sprawling, stood directly above us up the sheer side of the rock, flattening

the top of its cone. The road had taken us five miles from Berchtesgaden. Standing at the bronze door we were now perhaps 600 tantalizing feet from Kehlstein's peak, as wispy and silent and mysterious looking as any place could be.

There the Führer came to lose himself in the German clouds, to meditate, to plan the Germanic world in his own image, and force men everywhere to grovel like ants at the feet of his vast mountains, while he alone was suspended and supported in the wild intoxication of their immortality.

We could see the windows and the under side of the projecting roof and part of a low stone balcony surrounding the house. And when you get as "close" to something as we were to this, it is hard to turn back and not to go on.

A giant white triangle of hard-crusted snow, about 200 yards high, pointed up from the elevator casement to the peak. It was an avalanche-like patch which filled a deep scar on the cone, like the filling in a tooth, and slanted down from the top at a few degrees as it grew wider towards its base on the road.

"If we could climb that snow slope, and if it would hold us," said Tanner "we could make it." Without that freak drift as a nearly vertical ladder, reaching Hitler's hideaway would have been impossible.

"The way to do it is to go slow and not look down," Corporal Waters remarked.

"If we slipped and fell the fence would stop us here, and that wouldn't be bad," continued Corporal Waters, who was a jewelry salesman by trade and not an Alpine expert.

"You are a man," said Tanner, "who does not know all there is to know in this field. But I believe you are right."

But we had no gloves to dig in the snow and get our holds. We had no ropes to tie us together. We had no alpenstocks to probe our way, or spiked shoes to keep our feet in place. And none of us ever having done much more climbing than out of a golf bunker, to say nothing of climbing the equivalent of nineteen or twenty stories up a practically perpendicular avalanche plastered

on a peak of the Alps eight times as high as the Empire State Building, a little meditation was required.

We agreed that if anyone slipped back and rolled down, the others had better be in the clear and not directly below him. At first we figured that the flat road itself would break our fall and hold us even though we were rolling. We measured the spaces between the posts in the low guard rail rimming the road, to make sure we would not roll through them and down the bottomless precipice.

Before long, looking back down from a different perspective, we discovered that if we fell we would skip over the road entirely, guard rail and all. We certainly did not realize that when we started to climb.

We decided to line up three abreast a few yards apart. We would press ourselves flat against the avalanche, punch the hard crust of the snow with our fists and dig in to get a hold in the snow with each hand. Then we would do the same with each foot. Once we had pinned ourselves in place, we would reach up one hand and then the other, one foot and then the other, punching new holes for each higher level.

If we did this long enough, and if there were no cross-reefs or crevices in the snowslope and if the snow all the way up was crusty and hard enough to hold us, we would mount to Hitler's hideaway.

We began the climb.

At the beginning it was not hard. "Reminds me of kicking the ice off the water pipe in our yard back home," Waters said, smacking holes in the wall of snow.

But it took us nearly an hour to get about half-way up the pinnacle, or about a hundred yards, mounting the snowslope perhaps fifteen or eighteen inches after each of our punching operations. Also, we were edging away from each other as we worked our way up, although we were never far apart.

After the first hour or so we realized we were losing strength. We weren't working our holes so deep as at first. We found out what happens to your bare knuckles and hands when you punch them long enough into a wall of crusted snow 10,000 feet in the air.

Soon our remaining strength began to go quickly. We were all a little dizzy now, and it did not seem as though we could punch our way or hang on to each hold much longer. Waters said so, and I, for one, began to wonder how we happened to be up there at all.

Now it was nearly as bad to attempt to work our way down as to try to keep going up. We decided to hold still and flat against the avalanche for twenty minutes or so and try to clear our heads, get our breath and plant our elbows in the snow instead of our hands, to give our hands a chance to stop swelling and to thaw out. Then we would decide what to do.

The chain of footsteps we had made below us were already frozen and glazy. As my eyes traveled down, I could see no end to the sheer drop of the gigantic mountainside against which we were clinging, and my mind felt numb.

We pressed hard against the smooth curve of the snow-slide, lost in a mid-world of stone and space; of pinnacles and clefts and great grey mounds of living rock which threw shadows across us.

The air seemed thin here and the mist was heavy. One minute, when the clouds would break, the glare from the snow would make the mist glisten like the spray at a vessel's bow in a bright sea. Then the shadows again, with the shadow-masses and the looming rock-masses blackening each other into a shrouded world of stone, danger, and desolation.

We decided to go on. At the very top, ten feet from the end of the climb and directly under the rim of the terrace, the snowslope turned soft and left a series of bottomless crevices between itself and the wall of the rock. Our hands wouldn't hold, our feet wouldn't hold, and we began to flounder.

I saw Tanner sink low in the body of the drift, thrashing and churning. I couldn't help him, and he could not help me, to make the last few feet to the most famous hideaway in the world—and to life and safety.

The last time I had felt like this—maybe it was my freezing hands and the desperation which flashed the thought through my mind—was in a blacked-out plane over the North Sea. But that had been early in the war—sudden danger, long danger, was still

ahead then. But this was the end. Nothing was supposed to happen now. The shooting was over. Over? It didn't seem possible. So much had happened since that night in the plane on the way to Finland. So many, many things had turned out all right for me; so many moments like this one had come and gone. I kept thinking about the plane to Finland. That was at the beginning. This was no time to be in trouble again, at the very end.

The next thing I knew my hand was striking at the edge of the terrace. I had a grip on it. Then I realized that I was upon it and lying flat on the gravel surface and that somehow Tanner, Waters, and I had climbed the rest of the way.

We lay quietly for a long time, sprawled on the gravel walk.

Hitler's door was situated a few yards along the terrace, locked as tight as a tomb. We walked around to the rear of the house, but we did not go far before we heard a whoop. Four heads popped out of a second floor window, eight eyes as big as saucers.

"You must be crazy," someone said in an American voice. Mounting guard for the 101st Airborne Unit attached to the 3rd Division, Corporal John Y. Thackry of West Winton, New Jersey; Pfc. Walter J. Wicks, Austin, Minnesota; Pvt. William A. Gleeny, of Middleton, Pennsylvania, and Pvt. Jessie P. Shannon of Yonnelton, West Virginia, had reached Hitler's hideaway some hours before, coming up in Alpine gear, climbing the avalanche with ropes.

One of them shouted, "Adolf doesn't live here any more!"

Thirty brass hatrack hooks prickled from the long wall of Hitler's marble-floored foyer. The mountain elevator let him in at this point. Its locked door, flanked by push-button gadgets, stood at the far end.

Thirty brass-studded, grey-upholstered chairs, their arms pressed close like grey-uniformed, brass-buttoned soldiers on review, lined the long rectangular table in the walnut-paneled dining room.

Strangely enough, the room's construction closed it in, and you would not know where you were, except for three ordinary windows. The architect, who was Hitler himself, made slight use of the indescribable view. Yet, lit by indirect lighting and large chandeliers, and set off by magnificent Persian carpeting, this was easily

the handsomest room in the Nazi sanctuary. Hitler's personal china filled the cabinets on the wall; fragile Meissen with a red and gold dragon design around the edge and intertwined fighting cocks in the center. It had no mark or initial.

Three low steps led from the dining room to the dropped living room. Circular, stone-walled, high-ceilinged, and bright, the big room was fitted with a giant round table in the center, tapestry easy chairs pulled close and facing it in a cluster. There was a tall, formal fireplace on one side marked with a date—1938—on the fire shield. A large bellows stood there, and I tied it around my neck and carried it away as a souvenir, along with some of the china, when we retraced our route down the snowslope.

In the immense living room, as in the dining room, the windows were small and ineffective, with wide sections of the stone wall separating them.

How like the Germans to go so far—and then fail at the end! Hitler's view was incomparably better through the bay-window of his house down in the valley, closer to the normal level of mortal men, than it was on this fantastic peak.

An intimate pine-paneled den and music room, bright and comfortable, adjoined his living room and led out to the covered terrace. There was a collection of phonograph records in it, a few snapshot albums—the largest of which showed a German training Hitler's police dog—but not many books around, although a Leipzig translation (*Menschen Untereinander*) of John Ruskin was on Hitler's desk. I took it. Here of all places, and on this of all desks, the title means "Men with One Another."

A flimsy safe was built into the wall, more flimsy than you would imagine and more of a locked cupboard than a safe. We pried it open, but there was nothing in it, and the dust on the floor showed that it was seldom used.

Hitler's writing desk had no desk set, only a large blotter and a single telephone with a series of buttons to call servants from their quarters in the rear. This intercommunicating telephone system was tied in with each sentry box on the road up the mountain. Each sentry of the Praetorian Guard below could speak directly to

Hitler. (Göring told me later that Hitler intended to proceed here from Berlin on April 20th, and why he did not do so.)

Rows of stocked pantries, connected with the kitchen below by a dumb-waiter, the immense grey hoisting dynamo and fuse board equipment for the mountain elevator, and several lavatories and powder rooms were on the second floor.

There were no bedrooms. There were no provisions for guests to spend the night here in the clouds, except that a large divan in the living room was also a bed, and we found pillows and linen for this in one of the closets. In contrast to the vast catacomb-like air-raid shelter tunnels under his valley house, there was no air-raid shelter here (and none proved needed) except the basement. There was no arsenal. We combed every inch of the grounds, and there was not a machine gun or anti-aircraft gun—nothing to remind Hitler of the world he had set on fire.

There was no war map-room, with all its phones and pins, or the usual switchboard of a military message center. The Führer invited a selected few of those who had come to Berchtesgaden proper aloft from his valley home, plied them with food and plans and sent them back to sleep with the mortals below.

For me, the climb to this spot was a thousand times repaid. Standing there in the silence of those abandoned rooms seemed to condense, and then answer, the anxieties and suspense which had accumulated and been pent up in me for so many years:

The years before the war when it seemed so plain in Germany that the Nazi power would one day threaten us and everything decent in the world; the outbreak of the war when I saw their torches lapping at the shadows under the trees of Unter den Linden, sparkling and cracking in the cold night air, while tens of thousands of men in uniform sang the greatest songs of the German day and curled into the main stream from the side streets like flaming dragons with the full lengths of their bodies afire; their terror in the high English heavens during the Battle of Britain; their unspeakable cockiness in Berlin on the eve of Pearl Harbor; and then their first steps backward in the sands at El Alamein.

I had started this climb up Kehlstein in the Egyptian desert, in 1942. It had been a long time and a long way, inch by inch until these last few weeks of the collapse from within. A few months earlier a million men would have died trying to reach this door.

And now how could anything mean more to an American—or symbolize more—than to be able to stand and shout with free men on the highest rampart of the most powerful enemy in the history of the world and know that Hitler could stand against the forces of freedom no longer.

Hitler's empty eyrie symbolized *the futility of power and compulsion as a system of governmental life;* now as always.

What was Hitler's megalomania? Illusion, raised to the sky. He deceived himself all the while by the illusion that there was a future for Germany through the domination of Europe when there was none, any more than there was for his predecessors or for any nation which follows that futile course in the future.

Such men as Hitler are like the first adventurous boatman who rode the river from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. The river is broad and smooth and carries the boatman rapidly and easily. The speed of his progress and the success of his whole enterprise is remarkable to behold. But the great cataract of Niagara is near. The boatman finally sees that the current is a current of destruction. But he does not see this until it is too late. If he tries to retrace his way the current is too strong. Down he goes over the sharp rocks, and the waters with him. He is dashed to pieces along with his boat. But the waters, maddened into a frenzy by the swift descent, only boil and thrash for a time and then flow on again as ever.

However little those who have power may care for the idea, the march of mankind soon covers each of them, and often their whole nation, like a shroud. This inexorable expansion of the universal life which overflows and swallows up all eras and which effaces each man's existence except in a few hearts and not even always in one, is the ephemeral drama of humanity.

Pride, even more than greed, seems to foster the calamity. Greed mixes with pride, but pride lives longer. And when pride starts its final work, the penalties we people of the world pay for the face-

saving and self-justification of powerful men seems hardly possible to measure, so deep and deadly are the effects on us.

There you have Hitler.

There is no question but that the Germany I saw during the last few months of the war was suffering more punishment in this period alone than throughout all the previous five years. The country was like a punch-drunk boxer out on his feet in the last round, being hit more blows than in all earlier rounds put together. Greed did not shape Hitler's terrible orders to "continue." It was pride. Proud Hitler's final crime against the German people was in ordering his last-ditch stand after the war was completely lost—and he was unwilling to be lost with it.

Such men are determined to see nothing in their pride and self-exaltation, nor allow others to see anything in it, except an act of moral hygiene. They will not "quit under fire." They will not "be told what to do." "The French people need me," Laval once told me at Vichy. "I do not care what happens to me so long as what I stand for prevails in France." Laval stood only for Laval. And so it goes: moral hygiene, and three cheers from sycophants.

Politics seems to have a way of inoculating many men with this terrible virus of pride—a disease as truly as hydrophobia is. The men who have it really are sick men, who with it, become no more competent for their duties and their privileges than they would be if they were frothing at the mouth. It is too bad they do not froth at the mouth. Then everyone would know something terrible was the matter with them, and put them in strait jackets instead of delivering more power to them all the time.

Yet this is not a book entirely about devils. The outright devils are few. Thoroughly evil men are rare in government, as they are in other associations. And, in any case, few men in the public eye look as bad or as good at close range as they may look at a distance.

"Good" and "bad" have too much to do with time, circumstances, and geography. Finland's President Ryti, for instance, was a good man at a bad time, under bad circumstances and in a bad spot. Had he been President of Brazil or Mexico throughout the war, his mind and character would have been acclaimed in our

country. At home or abroad, it is natural for us to approve most the men who we think (or are made to think) help us most, but sometimes that can have little to do with their character, intelligence, or even with the motives which spur them on. Their qualities and reasons may be lost in the shuffle.

Therefore, the personal character of the man himself which the newsman may sometimes encounter in the raw, can be poles apart from either the public's idea of him, its enthusiasm for him, or even its interest in him. So far as the reporter is concerned, he simply has to take the man as he finds him and make up his own mind about him as best he can.

So, first about any newspaperman's interviewing work itself, for the results of interviews run all through this book along with the adventures encountered on the way to getting them.

Formal interviews on an exclusive basis, as with the chief of state of a foreign nation and meaning that no other publications are to be represented, generally require a combination of long arrangements and good luck.

Sometimes good or bad luck seems to rule the roost.

After long arrangements had been completed through the Turkish embassy in Washington I, on one occasion, flew from the United States to Turkey to interview Turkish Prime Minister Refik Saydam at a moment when it looked as though Germany would press Turkey into the war. When I reached Khartoum, Egypt, ten thousand miles on my way to Ankara, I was notified that the Prime Minister had died. But when I flew to China to interview President Chiang Kai-shek, without any arrangements at all, good luck did my job for me. I was staying in Chungking as the house guest of Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer, Commander of the China Theater, and the Generalissimo came there to dinner the night I arrived. This was a pure coincidence. Chiang Kai-shek had not dined at the home of a foreigner for years, had held only three press conferences since 1941, and had refused all requests for an exclusive official interview.

The occasion developed into something of a victory celebration and Chiang Kai-shek outlined to me in his quiet way several

reasons for China's military improvements and the favorable turn in American-Chinese relations after Wedemeyer's arrival.

At the end of the evening, after General Wedemeyer had run off an American combat film, I asked the President if he would be kind enough to continue our discussion in an interview for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, saying I had come to China from Europe for that purpose. He set the appointment for 4:00 P.M. the next day.

I have found nearly all established men, really distinguished and able, much the same wherever encountered, whatever their responsibilities of the moment, whatever their nationality, and whatever their station at birth.

Always and everywhere, kindness and consideration are the principles of tact, in which most of them excel, and the respect of the influential man for others is generally the first indication of their leadership.

Reversely, I know of no type of man so difficult as a man who is overpaid in money or homage, and who knows it.

Where the really competent and deserving man will be easy-going, amenable and courteous, the overpaid man will be stern, inflexible and rude. Where the seasoned leader in politics or business will be thoughtful and will show a genuine interest in nearly everyone who comes his way, the unsure man will betray himself by seeking to impress his visitors with authority and by evidencing no personal interest in them at all.

In any case, however, the man in political life who is silent is forgotten; he who protests too strongly against his own value (General Henri Giraud) is taken at his word; he who does not advance falls back; he who stops is out-distanced, abandoned, overwhelmed; he who ceases to grow (Attlee after becoming Britain's Prime Minister) becomes smaller; he who leaves off, gives up.

The fallen man may come back, but the stationary man is at the beginning of his end. It is the unfailing symptom which precedes the departure of any public interest in him.

As an observer, nevertheless, only those few leaders have seemed really uninteresting to me who somehow insisted on taking them-

selves superseriously. Admiral François Darlan, a little man who wore high heels, was ponderous beyond measure. So are King George II of Greece, young King Farouk of Egypt, most members of the German General Staff whom I have traveled to see, except Field Marshal Rommel, and such pretentious men as the late Lord Keynes, the British economist.

The most conspicuous example of contrast to these men's attitudes of self-importance and superseriousness, and the man who had more burdens than all the Georges, Farouks, and Keyneses put together, is, of course, Honorable Winston Churchill.

How can anyone describe him except to say that here moves a really great man?

Yet, singular as he is in so many ways, Mr. Churchill's general attitude towards other people is more typical than rare among significant men as a whole.

Yet, along with their friendly attitude, a curious loneliness seems to possess numerous men who hear the thousands cheer.

Perhaps this feeling of loneliness is rooted in a vague uneasiness arising from the unnatural impact on some natures of being singled out and set apart, as with King Leopold of Belgium and Field Marshal Montgomery, or a knowledge in some other men that, after all, an error is being committed in the cheers; or it may be simply the effect of obeisant secretaries, the ostentatious deference of many hangers-on, or the system itself in which (like Franco) the man is so frequently caught in his own trap.

Simply being prominent—being seen and talked about—also seems to bring out in some natures, and frequently where least apparent, its own loneliness. General George S. Patton, Jr., was habitually a lonely man. Recluse Prime Minister Salazar of Portugal is not lonely at all.

In others, this feeling sometimes seems to turn to suspicion. Willkie grew excessively suspicious, a sad turn for an open-hearted and genial man, promptly after he was nominated for the presidency, and more so as time went on, to the end of his brilliant days. The impact of responsibility and acclaim on General Eisenhower, starting from equal obscurity, was exactly the reverse. The further

he went the easier he traveled, and the more he relied on others and carried others along with him.

Yet in writing a book about men and power it hardly seems fair to describe any world leaders and their activities from an Olympian level, and in the past tense. The contemporary atmosphere, the international and political climate of the day or the year, were very influential. Looking back through a telescope this perspective is lost and with it a good deal of the personality of the men themselves.

Therefore, perhaps it is more revealing to describe these men in a running narrative of places visited and people seen as the long years of the war unfolded, thinking of them only as separate individuals in a hodgepodge world of crashing events that supplied no inter-related theme—no common denominator—by which they can be tied together.

El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakech, is an interesting and important man, exerting great influence among 70,000,000 Arabs in one of the most explosive areas in the world. No theme weaves him into a pattern to include Göring as he looked in Berlin, in 1939, and in captivity in 1945, Petain mumbling over his papers at Vichy, the Pope in his library, Montgomery in the Egyptian desert, Franco in the dazzling red brilliance of El Pardo Palace, or General Patton as he crossed the Rhine. El Glaoui is El Glaoui, and that is that. So was George Patton—George Patton.

But beyond these men, and all others, our world is gripped in governmental designs which represent the exercise of power. Men as individuals on one hand; Power *as a system of governmental life* on the other.

Men and Power.

The labels attached to the power and compulsion concept of governmental life do not make much difference in their final effect on ordinary men and women.

The Russian dissenter from a Communist Party edict who is sent to a concentration camp at Ust-Koshva in the Arctic Circle, or the Pole who is seized and put there, is just as hungry and dies just as miserably as the anti-Nazi Germans or Poles I saw at Belsen.

Germany endangered herself and threatened the world more by the nature of her compulsive system than by the character of Hitler. Russia will or will not endanger herself and threaten the world more by the nature of her system than by the character of Stalin.

For any gigantic regimented state generates within itself tensions and aggressive movements which, in the long run, become uncontrollable.

Power is effective, internally and externally, if it is exerted with an always increasing momentum. But it is conducive to peace only for a short time. It is a failure as a basis for anything but war.

Europe excites the urge of the powerful towards domination.

The powerful nation only has to point to the ceaseless territorial and economic disputes which have for centuries consumed Europeans and which represent such invariable roots of social disorder, sorrow, and pain. The self-justification for aggression or political manipulation as being "for the good of all" is easy.

But, regardless of motives or methods, any attempt to organize Europe through power fails by the very nature of the undertaking itself.

France made the effort under Napoleon, and failed. Germany made the effort under Kaiser William II and failed, tried again under Hitler and failed. And now, in the vacuum left by this last failure and encouraged by the international and *anti-national* aspects of her communism, the U.S.S.R. appears anxious to pick up the hammer where Hitler dropped it and hit the European anvil with her own blow.

St. Helena is the monument to Napoleon's attempt. The woodpile at Doorn is the monument to the Kaiser's attempt. Hitler's deserted Eagle's Nest is the monument to his attempt. An empty Kremlin will be the monument to Russia if Russia too makes this historic mistake.

From the Führer's terrace a blue haze stretched over the deep valley to the north. This highest seat of power, as hollow now as the echoes in the mountains, looked down on a road that led to Berlin—and carried me back to the year 1939.

CHAPTER TWO

The Mass Man

DOOMED TO SHAKE AND SHIVER under a camouflage net for six years thereafter, the *Europa* made her last Atlantic crossing in August, 1939. I sailed aboard her directly to Bremerhaven. England and France were loaded with correspondents in anticipation of the outbreak of war. My job was to report it from the darkness of the German side.

Göring maintained a private Flying Club outside Berlin in the direction of his fabulous Karinhall estate—acreage 100,000—and I saw him there with some regularity. It was his elite airdrome for crack pilots of the German Air Force; it harbored their fastest planes in its hangars and served the best meals to be found in any German officers' mess.

Air Generals Erhard Milch and Albert Kesselring and Colonel Ernst Udet, the trick flyer, were the heroes of the Flying Club, and their table on the terrace was the fountainhead of official German air news, gossip and bravado.

Göring, using as an outrider and A.D.C. young Von Brauschitsch, son of the German Army Commander-in-Chief, generally played host around the whole enclosure, arriving most afternoons in an immense black Maybach-Zeppelin touring car and pacing forward like an overgrown fullback to greet his men and women friends and observe what he could see in the sky.

In the spring of 1939, Göring had decided to get thin. He told me he had lost forty-two pounds since March, when he had weighed 270. His shoulders were as broad as a bull's and his waist-

line, caught in a bulging belt, was fantastic. I never saw a man so fat for his height or with such a pasty complexion.

Göring was not a dope fiend in 1939. Nor, according to the medical officers of our Seventh Army, was he a dope addict at the time of his capture, published reports to the contrary notwithstanding. But his weight taxed his heart, and even in August, 1939, he was preparing to go to San Remo for a long cure.

Göring cut a very different figure at the Flying Club than he did when I saw him at his ignominious capture in 1945. But, even at the Flying Club it seemed to me he showed himself to be a full-blown rotter to the manner born.

Many foreigners enjoyed and had confidence in Göring, presumably because Göring really liked England and freely stated that he thought that Von Ribbentrop—a consummate and greedy liar—was mis-stating the British position to the Germans. But he was as treacherous, cruel, and brutal as the rest.

Because demon Himmler was young—born in 1900—and wore a bland and guileless face, and except that fat men always seem to get the benefit of the doubt, it always seemed to me that Göring looked even more cruel than Himmler. In any case, it is like arguing which is more wet, salt water or fresh.

Like Hitler, Göring was impatient, haughty, equally eager to please or to frighten or to astonish; strong-minded and weak-minded, and truly humorless.

When Göring boomed out a deep laugh you knew instinctively that he could stop in an instant. There was nothing really mirthful about his laugh and somehow this made his hollow jovialness all the more revolting. When he was captured in 1945, he laughed in the same way. I saw no change in Göring then, and certainly no remorsefulness brought on by the war.

Sometimes on special occasions at the Flying Club, he would shake a solid phalanx of hands and stalk down the short line making chatty remarks to everyone within his reach. Suddenly he might stand with folded arms in front of one of his officers, and indulge in a prolonged and searching look; his pale, cold visage gathered in a scowl, his eyes flashing, and his mouth hardly opening

as he spoke. Then he introduced the element of surprise. While he scowled at the subordinate, he would say something which was supposed to be funny, for everyone near him to hear. He paused for the automatic convulsion that attended all Field-Marshalian humor. Then he would start for the door, sweeping his aides with him, while observers like myself stood aside.

If there were any visiting Royal Air Force officers or foreign military attachés around the Flying Club, Göring made it a point to beam on them, have them presented at once, tour them through the hangars; he would demonstrate German ingenuity and technique by ordering an engine pulled out of a plane and another quickly put in its place (seven minutes, overall) and in other ways pound home the idea that Germany was "invincible" in the air.

German policy was no longer to hide her strength from any onlooker. This had not been her policy since 1937, the year when her major armaments were practically completed. It was easy to see that the German idea was to flaunt her "invincibleness" and make use of it as an instrument of intimidation.

"If you wish to obtain your objectives by force," said Hitler that spring, "you must be strong. If you wish to obtain them by negotiation, you must be stronger still." German rearmament, and Germany's final power, was about as subtle or hard to observe in 1939 as a tidal wave.

Coincident with this policy, German official arrogance and war confidence fed on and grew with each greater display. Everything I saw there during the preliminaries to the blow-off in the Polish affair, and in the attack which touched off this greatest and most terrible of all wars, was sheer, unadulterated arrogance. By August, 1939, it hardly seemed to cross high German minds—any more than it had in the days of the Kaiser—that German "invincibleness" should even be questioned.

Göring, with surprising frankness, told all and anyone who asked, like myself—and some who didn't—that "if war must come" it would be a short war. "We would act like *Blitzschnell* (lightning)" he told me. "We are not interested in a Polish bargain with anyone." He used the word Kuhhandel, or cow deal. "The German

Air Force," he said, "already is stronger than the air forces of Eng-

beyond the troop ships in the two convoys and meet whatever the Germans sent against them.

Our Beaufighter would take the first impact of their attack thirty miles beyond the shore-hugging vessels and radio the alarm to the ships and to shore-based planes.

The Germans had been attacking sea objectives in two ways. They came in high, by daylight, and dove on Mediterranean convoys like lightning, until losses from interceptions by Spitfires and Hurricanes made their daylight attacks too costly. Then they changed their technique, and we were just getting on to their method.

Now they came in low over the water, not more than a few hundred feet above the waves, hardly visible before they launched torpedoes at our ships or bombed them, and then turned off in a tight spiral and ran away.

Sending about twenty planes, they invariably chose dusk for these attacks, when water-level detection is hardest and the quick arrival of nightfall would let them get away in the dark.

ing, and acting as eastern people wish—a project hardly appealing to western minds or western purposes.

"America either must assume in every corner of the world the bewildering economic, social, and military responsibilities inherent in her dramatic words or else permit the eastern world to do the best it can *under improved eastern influences self-generated within the east*. There is great promise in that, for the East is awakening in its deepest recesses and great good can come of this, in the eastern way. But American policy, as I have seen it, stirs up everything and settles nothing. The result is that even the best western intentions create a void, opening the way to new eastern tyrannies instead of new eastern freedoms. At the bottom of America's attitude is the assumption that all the world wishes to be American, or at least western. This assumption is false."

There is no puzzle either to the ethnologist or the sociologist quite equal to the Arab. Nor anything which so confounds universalists in their global solutions for the ills of the world. What induces this eastern man to seclude himself in the eastern tide and live a life of remote antiquity, without object, without hope, without fear; a life so persistent that a thousand years from now the Arab will be as he has always been and as he is today?

Imagine untold millions of eastern men who prefer sand to steel, poverty to work, solitary reflection to western civilization's noises; who will not earn enough to clothe themselves; a clan which never invented so much as a safety match, and would consider newspaper reading a flagrant waste of time.

All is ordained and no one but God can alter anything. If you are asked to dinner you reply: "*In sha Allah*"—"If God wills it." And if God alters your plans while you are about to get under way by deciding that you should sleep, you do not go. Or, if you go and God places friends along your route, you take them with you.

God kept you away, or God brought your friends: it is all the same to your host if he is a true Arab.

While we are remaking the world, the Arab quotes the Koran: "When God created the world, He took a handful of dust in either

hand and cast one to the right and one to the left. The dust to the right was destined to become people who would always be happy. The dust to the left would become the people who would only know unhappiness." And in the thirty-seventh chapter of the Koran: "God created you and all your actions. *Mektoub*—It is written."

As we fly in our magic Beaufighters, puzzle about how to rebuild what we destroy, search the cardiographs for the vitality of our heartbeats, stare down from our skyscrapers, and drop our atom bombs, isn't it confusing that such a race as the Arabs should continue like this—more confusing that it may survive us, and most confusing of all that it should produce, among other trifles, the Psalms, and the Gospels, the Koran and the epic of Anthar?

Yet, as a soldier, the Arab ranks first in the East, although because he is such an individualist, he is beaten in the aggregate by one inferior group after another.

He is not wanting in bravery or tenacity. To this day, the Arab of the desert remains among the bravest of mankind. He faces the battle in which, when wounded, he must die of the torture of starvation with a fierceness not really explained by his religious faith. Indian Mussulmen hold the same faith but do not die in battle for it.

The Arabs unarmored forefathers defeated even the armored Barbarians, founded at least three empires, and did not retreat after centuries of contest with the Crusaders, the picked warrior emigrants of a dozen western lands. All the iron men of Europe failed to snatch Jerusalem from the Arab.

Certainly energy is not wanting in the Arab. Any one of them who has gone forth as statesman, missionary, or trader; or, curiously enough, as sailor, almost invariably succeeds. If the British left India, it is even a question whether a Sikh or Mahratta or an Arab would rebuild the throne of the Great Mogul.

The Arab does not lack ambition or initiative. Arab schemers outwit all other races in the Middle East and make children out of European or American negotiators. The Arab trader, of all traders, penetrates the furthest into Africa. The Arab missionary in India, central Asia, and the eastern, western and central African dark-

ness makes more numerous and more faithful converts than any other missionaries in the world.

Yet he himself lives on in the Sahara or Syrian desert, or in his vast secluded peninsula—Arabia alone is as large as India and larger than Europe west of the Vistula—unchanged, seeking no advance, complaining of no suffering, and accepting death as a destiny neither sought nor feared.

Time is nothing. The progress of the West has no attraction. Wealth, though when abroad he seeks it zealously, has no power to tempt him away. He does not recognize poverty. A man who is contented with his skin can never be poor.

The Arabs are content, and among their eastern rivals, noble. They despise western power, retain the traditions of their past as a possession, and, without decay and without progress, live on forever as they were in the ages of which history tells us nothing.

One of the most qualified of the Asiatic branches, having conquered a world and its wealth, built cities and devised creeds and composed a literature, sinks back contentedly to live a changeless life, which western men consider utterly without meaning or hope, while we, in turn, advance as the sun "advances"—and invent our Beaufighters and the atomic bomb.

That is certainly a strange lesson for the West.

At the bottom of our western advancement there seems to be a great thirst for self-forgetfulness, self-distraction. Perhaps this may account for the growing frivolity of we western people as a whole; more and more educated, no doubt, but also more and more superficial in our conceptions of happiness.

Our passion for "progress"—so mysterious to the Arab—is perhaps, in part, the product of a habit which consists of forgetting the goal to be aimed at and absorbing ourselves like children in each tiny step in any direction, one after the other, no matter where we wander.

Perhaps we, with all our western vigor and activity of brain, might gain in humility and balance if we remember that the Arab stood at the gates of On and saw the magicians perform their breathtaking feats, reclined below the walls of Constantinople and

saw the Byzantine pour out the atom bomb of his day, his liquid fire, and despised both Egypt and Rome and went back to his herbless land—as calmly indifferent to the strife outside as if those who shook themselves to pieces were on a separate planet, as separate as World War II was from the Arab of today.

In our claim to be perfecting humanity, what explanation would we have to offer if the Arab is living on like the Pyramids whose foundations he saw laid? What is our proof that we with our mastery now over even the atom (or its mastery over us) will survive the Arab who was before the Pharaohs and remains as he was in his first day?

Suppose that Marrakech survives Manchester, Mecca survives Washington, D. C. Suppose that if and when western Europe is a continent of atomic ruins the Arab shall still dwell in the desert, "too proud to dig, too careless to be poor."

Western accomplishments are great, but we have not yet discovered every truth about the destiny of all men.

There are fractions of humankind—some billion or so in the aggregate—whose governing impulses we as little comprehend as the Arab comprehends the theory of Reno divorces, or the "necessity" for stifling subways in the broad and beautiful lands of the United States.

> *"Well may we sons of Japhet in dismay*
> *Pause in our vain, mad flight for life and breath,*
> *Beholding you. I bow, and reason not."*

CHAPTER TEN

Around the World

DURING THE LAST YEAR of the war I flew around the world. My Scripps-Howard assignment was to reach Europe in time for the Rhine crossings and the final smashing of Hitler's inner fortress, to see the war finish where I had seen it start. Then I was to proceed to the Middle East, the Persian Gulf, and India. From Calcutta, I was to fly over "The Hump" to China to interview President Chiang Kai-shek.

When I left Chungking, General H. H. Arnold and Lieutenant General Harold L. George provided a short cut for me. Through General Claire Chennault, they arranged to have me go to Luliang, in south China, and fly at night across the Japanese lines and the thousand-mile Jap-held stretch of China, over Canton and Hong Kong and the south China sea to the Philippines.

At Manila, I was to see General Douglas MacArthur and the climax of the Pacific war, proceed to Guam for the final operations of the B-29's, and return across the Pacific by air to the United States.

The direct route around the world by air would have been about 23,000 miles. I flew something over 50,000 miles, backtracking and meandering, visiting each of our war theaters and eighteen countries, and finding at the end of the war that I had accumulated 150,000 miles of wartime air travel overseas.

Greece, torn and flaming, was in the news in February, and my dispatches were to start from there. I flew from Washington to Stevenville, Newfoundland, made an overnight Atlantic crossing to my old stamping ground in the Azores, touched next at Casablanca

and then set out once more along the south shore of the Mediterranean.

The war had come and gone there. First a trip like this had been made impossible by the Germans and the Vichy French, who diverted the route from Gibraltar to the Nile a thousand miles south.

Those were the days when Liberia, the Gold Coast, Nigeria, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and Upper Egypt were the life line. Now, the fabulous air passageway which I had seen pioneered across Central Africa was abandoned. The natives could drop their gasoline tanks and go back to their corn. The chieftains, scarfaced and fat, who sat all day under their black umbrellas looking up at the moaning sky, could move indoors again and not miss a thing. Just the sun or moon or the stars overhead, and a few left-overs on the ground, along a stretch of nearly 5,000 weird and wondrous miles. The African animals had peace again, even if civilized men did not; no strange noises, no stampeding from the waterholes, no new and suspicious clearings in the jungles, no men to upset everything and cause them all kinds of miseries.

Now, as on my last trip, the northern air terminals at Casablanca, Oran, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and Tobruk formed the route to the Nile.

I found Cairo lush and hilarious, a far cry from the panic-stricken Cairo of the El Alamein scare, in 1942, when I saw the King of Egypt's 34,000 troops sit twiddling their thumbs in their British-equipped barracks and not lift a finger in defense of the Nile.

Then Cairo, a city of 1,500,000 people, was being evacuated. There were runs on Barclays and all the banks in Egypt. The British Embassy burned its papers. Everything, from trucks and gocarts to Cairo's fabulous hansom cabs, marched into Palestine, while the only remaining British armies in the Middle East trudged past them on the way into the Cairo zone to make the last stand against Rommel.

Then Shepheard's Hotel was a mountain of outgoing baggage, piled so high in the Moorish lobby that you hardly could find the elevator, tossed in heaps on the famous terrace, and making great

piles on the sidewalk that set you groping up the steps when night and the blackout came. Now Shepheard's was Shepheard's again, brimming over with its own special mixture of the world. The open-air street cars, the bootblacks, the donkeys and the Rolls-Royces were back on the streets.

Cairo's sidewalk cafés, gambling houses, and starlit night clubs were running full blast, and the Egyptian merchants, plantation owners, and speculators were trying to spend the fantastic war profits they had made after Britain's desert victory.

To reach Greece, I flew from Cairo to Tunis, and then to Naples —landing at Capachino airport where I had arrived with General Eisenhower a year earlier. Then I flew in a U.S. Army plane to Athens.

I am supposed to go where there is trouble, and there was plenty of trouble, as always, in the Balkans.

The Balkans are in Europe B. This is what I mean.

Separate the Continent into Europe A and Europe B. Europe A is the mechanistic Europe. Europe B is the polyp Europe, a polyp around the hard and productive core. Sketch the boundary on a map. Surprisingly enough, it is almost a perfect circle. Running clockwise, the circle is a line passing through Stockholm, Danzig, Budapest, Florence, Barcelona, Bilbao, Belfast, Glasgow, and Bergen. The area inside this boundary is Europe A, the Europe of whistles and wheels. It is covered by a network of railways and highways, canals and power lines. This is the area of factories and horsepower. All of this Europe is a series of interdependent cells. Clothes and lives are similar. With slight exceptions on the fringes, where Polish, Czech, or Italian is spoken, three languages prevail, although eleven nations lie within the circle. These are English, French, and German. Europe A is the core of the Continent's economic life. But it does not have a chance to operate without the drains and impediments of Europe B.

Europe B is the area outside the circle. Every feature is in contrast with the other area. There are few highways, railways or canals. Old customs, old costumes, and old dialects prevail. It remains nearly as feudal as it was in medieval days. Yet this is not

a clear-cut agricultural area. It is not a raw material basin. It is an economic polyp.

It always causes trouble. Spain, Southern Italy, the Balkans, and Poland, are examples of its make-up, as is, of course, Greece.

In the southeast, the area that taps the circle of Europe A and gains vitality in that way is the great Danube Valley. This area is an oasis for Europe B; the Balkan desert depends on it. Vienna is the waterwell for the oasis.

Versailles sliced the Danube Valley into a number of new states. At once, out of hate and fear, each new nation built towards economic self-sufficiency. Each applied tariffs, railway rate discrimina tions, export bounties, cartels, and trade agreements. Vienna, the center of trade, of intelligence, and of skill, for this whole area, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea, was isolated in the contracted borders of the impoverished state of Austria. Vienna and the Danube Valley sickened, and the Balkans died.

And now with another war drawing toward an end the situation in Greece was so full of emotion as almost to preclude objective reporting. But several double-riveted facts emerged out of the muck and mire of the conflicting reports read overseas.

First, the new chief of government, the Regent of Greece, His Beatitude the Archbishop Damaskinos, had held no press conference and talked with no one for publication. Accordingly, the Greek government's official version of the terrible Greek events and Greece's policy for the future remained unreported. Mr. Churchill's view in London, and Secretary of State Stettinius' outline of American policy in Washington, still left a vacuum of official information from—of all places—Athens itself.

Yet if the Regent was going to speak at all, he should speak to an American newspaperman, for the Greek people as a whole remained wonderfully friendly to Americans. The United States had no troops in Greece, and the Greeks liked this, saying so at any provocation.

At bottom, Greeks of all factions traced their difficulties not alone to German occupation and its attendant poisons, but, iron-

ically enough, to their own valor and stamina in so heroically battling first Mussolini's army and then Hitler's. These two great national resistances of 1940 and 1941 stirred the free world, as Finland's 1939 resistance against Russia had stirred the world, but —like Finland—the resistance left Greece pitiably weakened. Out of a population of only 6,250,000 almost a million had died in the past five years, nearly 600,000 from starvation alone.

All this paved the way for the newer problems, which festered during the German occupation. With liberation from the invader by the Allies, the boil burst. The rest was bloodshed and horror, evidenced in the rows on rows of shallow graves that I saw near Athens: light dirt tossed over hundreds of bodies, the heads still sticking out for identification. Three thousand or so hostages remained in the hills, taken barbarously from their homes and marched into the mountains and caves of the beautiful land. The fratricide of civil war is the bloodiest of all, and the tortures and executions in Greece were fierce and horrible beyond anything that had been revealed.

There, too, as elsewhere, it was the old tragic story: two well-disciplined and articulate minorities, by fighting each other, were able to assemble on each side of their conflict helpless people, few of whom were devoted to, or even knew, their leaders' "philosophy" or purposes. The masses were under the control of their chiefs, and their only instructions were to annihilate those assembled in equal darkness on the other side.

Bitterness and ferocity spread as the fratricide spread, for the Greeks are great haters as well as great fighters, but it is highly doubtful if at any time during the fierce and bloody conflict, more than twenty per cent of the population was violently "pro-this" and another twenty per cent violently "pro-that."

The overwhelming majority of the Greek people out in the country (where most Greeks live) simply wanted to be left alone, to better their poor lives in some way but not in civil war, no matter what "improvement" the urban uprisings might bring.

One evidence of this was that the support of ordinary towns-

people and country folk in one community after another, switched from one side to the other time and again as one side or the other drew near and appeared to win.

Contrary to many impressions abroad, when British troops landed in Greece they did not come either to beat Soviet Russia to the punch or forcefully to restore Greece's discredited King to the throne. British affections for Greece are old and close, and Britain intervened to re-establish order. Although England supported the Greek government-in-exile in Cairo, through one stupidity after another and in spite of her admitted interest in Greece as a vital Mediterranean zone, Britain's armed intervention was weighed more heavily on the side of simple humanity than she seems to have been given credit for doing. She was not thanked for her intervention, for intervention is seldom popular, but it is horrible to imagine what would have happened if the Greek fratricide had been allowed to spend itself.

The British made a bad blunder, however, in underestimating the military scope and depth of the upheaval. Lieutenant General Ronald M. Scobie arrived with seven light tanks and a handful of troops.

The paratroop landings were strictly a newspaper headline operation. They represented a negligible force.

I have heard Mr. Churchill say that the way to fight an engagement is "to use as small a force as possible at the beginning, then more if you have to, like the firemen quelling a fire in a city. If you can win with the small force you have saved much—in men and arrangements." But this idea did not work in Greece.

The inadequate expedition only caused more trouble, intensified the antagonisms among all factions, and quelled nothing. Unlike a fire brigade, it was like dispatching two or three policemen to break up a race riot. One of them is sure to be killed, and the riot is sure to grow.

The British token expedition was nearly annihilated in Greece. Two thousand British Tommies were killed and the scattered forces marooned and besieged at such separated points as the Eleusis airport and Athens' Grande Bretagne Hotel. Field Marshal Sir

Harold R. L. G. Alexander flew hurriedly from Italy. Britain's youngest Field Marshal stayed in Greece only five hours, but that was enough. He returned at once to Caserta, near Naples, his headquarters as Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean.

There he put the Greek problem up to American General Joseph T. McNarney, Deputy Supreme Commander and General Clark, American commander on the Italian front. This front was on the verge of a major offensive against the Germans.

We still faced many of Germany's best troops there; nearly half a million of the German-Italian enemy. There were twenty-odd first-class German combat divisions in the battle line. In addition, the Germans had deployed three other seasoned divisions at the head of the Adriatic to guard the coast against amphibious landings and two more on the French border to seal the passes in the Maritime Alps between Switzerland and the Mediterranean.

With French supplies lost after our Normandy landings and the retaking of Paris, it was more important than ever for Germany to protect resources she was draining from northern Italy and to hold that position. The Germans were hauling out wheat at the average of about 1,000 tons a day to help feed Germans at home. Herds of cattle and sheep, driven north on the hoof, were a main German source of meat supply. Northern Italian factories were supplying Germany 1,500,000 tons of sulphuric acid a year. This zone was Germany's only important source for silk, and she was also obtaining hemp and beet sugar there.

Allied pressure in France and Red Army movements into the new Silesian industrial centers, which represented nearly thirty per cent of all Germany's heavy industry added importance to the output from the Italian section. Lastly, Hitler was using Italy as a man-power pool. Over 700,000 Italians worked in Germany.

Allen W. Dulles, brother of John Foster Dulles and head of the Office of Strategic Services in Switzerland, had been negotiating with Hitler's SS General Hans Wolff, commanding the elite SS troops under Kesselring, for a surrender.

Unknown to Kesselring or the German High Command, Wolff had stolen out of his headquarters on Lake Garda several times

and crossed the border secretly into Switzerland to meet Dulles' representatives and Allied officers and to discuss terms, chiefly involving the saving of his own skin. Wolff's scheme was to agree to supply the Allied forces with Kesselring's defense plans, deploy his own SS troops as Kesselring ordered, make only a show of resistance, and then surrender. But the negotiations had broken down for the time being.

Allied plans were to attack, throw the Germans beyond the Po, and synchronize the assault with General Eisenhower's offensive across the Rhine. As planned, the push in Italy was to start first, pin down the Germans, and be well under way towards an encircling movement through the Brenner Pass before General Eisenhower's forces started to cross the Rhine.

Perhaps it has not been disclosed before, but the Greek matter upset this entirely. Field Marshal Alexander applied for the transfer to Greece of nearly 50,000 British soldiers from the German front in Italy, as well as a reserve division from Palestine. With the last minute loss of these forces, the offensive had to be abandoned.

The over-all strategy in Europe was immediately affected. The basic sequence of final attacks on Germany had to be changed. The necessary diversion to Greece again postponed V-E Day and the march to Berlin.

Wavell's desert victory against Rommel, of course, had been postponed—permanently—by the diversion to Greece, in 1941, a transfer which set back the timetable for the invasion of Normandy from England by making necessary increased forces in North Africa when the next try was made there. Once more, but this time under cover of military censorship, a much larger diversion to Greece was responsible.

Alexander, facing a hard choice no matter what he did, and compelled to leave Allied forces stymied in Italy, nevertheless gained the respect of Allied leaders for his promptness in at least having a plan and being willing to back it up. Generals Eisenhower, McNarney, and Clark, in turn, took the new situation in their stride. The British never asked that American troops be diverted to Greece. But they ended up using 80,000 of their own men there—

a figure many times larger than supposed, and never officially revealed.

Along with Alexander, American Ambassador Lincoln MacVeagh, while bound by our hands-off policy, was applauded by foreigners and all Greek factions alike for the way he kept his head, protected American lives and property, and did a courageous job.

As for Prime Minister Churchill, his tenpin strike was in persuading the stubborn and discredited Greek King, in London, to step aside in favor of a Regency. The proposed Regent himself, Archbishop Damaskinos, told me that he refused to accept the regency and risk further disunity until he received it in a constitutional manner, namely, at the official request of the constitutional monarch. He said that he had made this plain to Mr. Churchill.

The British were not trying to hang on to King George II (who is not a Greek). King George II was trying to hang on to Britain in order to hang on to his throne in Greece.

In his sudden and dramatic flight to Athens at Christmas, Churchill obtained the Archbishop's consent to serve—sitting with the immense prelate on a davenport in the British Embassy while bullets whistled on all sides, crashed through the window on his left, and once again, endangered the life of an Englishman who was as willing to negotiate there in the cross fire of civil war as any place. But, on his return to London, it took Churchill six solid hours of persuasion and threats in his drawing room—from ten o'clock New Year's Eve to four o'clock the next morning—to persuade the courageless King of Greece to do his duty and officially let go of his "royal authority."

As for the fighting EAM faction, blasted indiscriminately by Churchill in Commons, this was not the straight communist outfit, which many abroad gathered it to be after his speech. EAM (National Liberation Front) was a coalition group, by no means entirely communist. In its early career, especially during 1942 and 1943, large numbers of strictly patriotic Greeks joined EAM's various branches under the impression that the coalition was a genuine resistance movement for the liberation of Greece from the

Germans and for the internal political freedom of their lovely land.

Communists dominated the KKE branch in the coalition but both the Socialist party—the SKE branch—and the Moderate Leftists—known as ELD—attracted many independent citizens of high order as well as so-called bourgeois intelligentsia. Among the branches there was even a minority who favored monarchy as a principle of government, although all groups were opposed to the return of King George, not only as a discredited monarch but because he had been cozy with the Metaxas dictatorship.

However, when the EAM coalition formed the Greek Popular Liberation Army, its military section known as ELAS, and the Communist KKE branch introduced its terror squadrons—OPLA—many Greeks were coerced into membership in the ranks of ELAS by compulsion and threats. In this way ELAS fell into the hands of the Communist KKE branch. The movement then had other aims than those of simply a resistance movement. The dreadful cruelties, assassinations, and ruthless grab for power can be ascribed to this KKE domination.

Without exception, however, the highest Allied authorities, as well as the Regent, were convinced that this fierce fight by the communists was not engineered from the Kremlin as an episode of Soviet foreign policy. Field Marshal Alexander, American Ambassador MacVeagh, British Ambassador Leeper, Prime Minister Nicholas Plastiras, and the leaders of each of the factions I saw in Greece, all expressed to me this conviction. Stalin sat that one out, for the time being.

Field Marshal Alexander and Honorable Harold McMillan, Acting President of the Allied Commission in Italy, both told me that communist leader Siantos of the KKE, operating his terror squads from a stronghold in Trikkla, north of Athens, had called for communist aid from his comrade, Tito, in Yugoslavia. Tito referred Siantos to Moscow. There Stalin appears not only to have withheld the Kremlin's blessing, but to have instructed Tito to stand clear of any communist grab in Greece at this time.

The chief of state, His Beatitude the Archbishop Damaskinos,

received me at his official residence, the Scaramanga House. He sat in a small room on the second floor and filled it with his presence; straight as a Parthenon pillar, an amazing-looking man in his flowing black robes, his tall ecclesiastical headpiece and veil, his immense head and tremendous size.

Damaskinos is a real Corinthian giant. With his headdress he stands nearly seven feet tall, and without it he measures six-feet-four. A full, flowing beard and heavy eyebrows complete the picture of a patriarch. And with all this, the tremendous man had what Mr. Churchill called "a magnificent face and a true eye." The impression you received of his great physical power—it would be hard to imagine anyone more powerful looking—gave just that much more emphasis to his simple pleasantness.

The new chief of state was born of a peasant family in Dobvitsa, Corinth, in 1888. The sense of the soil remained in him. Educated in law and theology at the University of Athens, he returned to Corinth, entered the Greek Orthodox Church, and advanced to be Metropolitan of Corinth, in 1922. In 1928, he visited the United States, staying two years. He was Archbishop of Athens and Primate of all Greece at the time of the German attack and occupation.

During this period of suffering and hunger, Damaskinos founded a native relief organization, known as Eoxa, which earned him great gratitude from the wretched throughout Greece and formed the basis for his national leadership as a figure of character and unquestioned integrity, without political affiliations. In the final crisis he was the only man on whom all factions could agree for a regency.

Until his appointment, the extremists on both sides had distorted their minority positions into roadblocks against any solution to the fighting in Greece.

In his first interview since becoming chief of state, the Regent told me: "You can say that I am convinced that the communist attempt to seize Greece was not supported or directed from the Kremlin. I oppose communism in principle. I am no communist. But foreign interpretations that the bloody activities of the Greek

communist-dominated KKE in the horrible events here were, or are, traceable to Stalin, are positively in error.

"Communism may be forced on Europe by the actions of bloody minorities; that remains to be seen. Greedy and opportunistic men are raising their heads everywhere under any banner they can grasp, and many of them control secret communist armies possessing caches of weapons like the KKE here or the L'Apparto (The Apparatus) in Italy. They have nothing to lose and they are out to fill the political vacuum in the aftermath of war. But to millions of Europeans, communism represents the superstate and excessive bureaucracy. In Russia, this may be one thing, but the idea of the superstate is remembered in many places outside Russia in its Hitlerian manifestation, especially by rural peoples, and is thus widely discredited and in disfavor.

"By and large, war weariness has put ideological tensions on the wane. But the basic postwar social problem of Europe remains. You saw it here: to keep the free and docile body of ordinary simple folk, who make up the overwhelming percentage of any population, from being taken over and exploited by the intellectual and military shock troops of organized minorities, no matter what they call themselves."

"Insurrection is an art," wrote Trotsky to Lenin, "it is an engine. Technical experts are required to start it, and they alone can stop it. *In a revolution the people are of no use.*"

To have a fight is the traditional habit of those obsessed by the desire to govern, in national affairs, international affairs, in trade union and business relationships, or in the family circle. A few special thinkers, called Bolshevists, obtained sufficient assistance from armed workers and peasants to destroy a young Russian Republic, and all Russians went under the heel of Nicolai Lenin. A few special thinkers, called Fascists, under Mussolini, and later another set under Hitler, determined to destroy a small number of special thinkers, called Communists, and regimented into their fight great numbers of peaceful men and women who found that when they had won their battle they had lost their freedom.

To a traveler abroad, this seems to be one of the prime lessons of our dynamic world: a small group of fiery men and women, the "pro-this" clique, dedicated to cutting the throats of another fiery group, the "anti-that" clique, and vice versa, can involve a whole nation in civil upheaval, or a whole world in war. Yet, at the grass roots level, *where the dying is done*, and where the bitterness from fratricide and terror may be everlasting, the millions who fight under each group's power clearly do not seek any world objective, and, in any case, they know little of the world beyond the borders of their own villages.

And so it was in Greece—the organized minorities at each other's throats again, snapping their fangs for Power.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Good Place to Sing—Poor Place to Work

THE DAY I ARRIVED IN ROME, Italian newspapers said that Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of New York had arrived, secretly. Known to enjoy President Roosevelt's and Prime Minister Churchill's confidence, the distinguished American prelate was declared to be there discussing highest diplomatic matters with the Pope in relation to decisions taken at the Yalta Conference. Speculation included the suggestion that Archbishop Spellman had come in connection with German overtures for peace.

America read all this. French, British, Spanish, Balkan, and South American papers picked up the story at once. Berlin caught it on the radio, and so did Japan.

Interest abroad grew as the story grew. One Italian newsman even told me that he had seen Archbishop Spellman's luggage. But Archbishop Spellman was sitting quietly at home in New York.

The moral of this furor, more important than it may seem on the surface, was how little it took to roll the wheels of Europe's rumor factories, how frail was so much of the speculation of the world read throughout the war, and how easy it was for millions to start thinking about something which contained nothing at all to think about.

When the story broke, I saw Myron C. Taylor, the personal representative of the President to the Pope, at a reception at the Soviet Embassy. Mr. Taylor told me that Archbishop Spellman was not in Rome. "He couldn't come to Italy without my knowing it," Mr. Taylor said. "I'm mystified by all this."

I asked Reynolds Packard of the United Press, who knows Rome backwards and forwards and had his tongue in his cheek during the rumor affair, if he could find out where the Spellman peace story originated. Reynolds traced it to the so-called grapevine which grows within Vatican City as it does anywhere in the human world of eyes and ears. First inquiries at the Vatican had met no denial, of course, for the Holy See seldom denies or confirms news items.

And then I found out that I had started the story myself.

When I left New York, Archbishop Spellman had intrusted to me, as a convenient air messenger, a bulky package containing a gift from himself to the Pope. On arrival in Rome I delivered the package to the reception office at Vatican City. This was three o'clock in the afternoon.

Neatly inked on the upper side was the identification: "From Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, New York, to the Holy See, Vatican City." Then followed the five words put on unstowed baggage by the Army Air Transport Command: "Personal Baggage. To Accompany Passenger."

Reynolds Packard found out that the tip that Archbishop Spellman had arrived came first from Vatican City, an hour after I had delivered this package. It took only a package at the right time and the right place to make world-wide news in rumor-torn Europe, and that is the way it was overseas from the beginning of the war to the end.

As in Greece, Allied leaders in Italy challenged the idea that it was "inevitable" that Moscow-managed communist parties should control most of Europe after the war. As a close-at-hand example of the difficulties the Kremlin would have in preserving a united communist front throughout Europe in the face of the intense and growing nationalism in each country, they cited the issue of Trieste.

In Rome, Foreign Minister Dr. Alcide de Gaspari, Count Carlo Sforza, the leaders of each of the political parties, and the chief of state, Regent Prince Umberto—whom I interviewed at the Quirinal Palace—each told me that in his opinion no postwar Italian government could stand without Italian Communist Party

(Partito Comunista Italiano) support. All agreed, including the communists, that the Italian Communist Party, in turn, would liquidate much of its own appeal unless it also endorsed the people's determination that Trieste must remain Italian.

The communists were as one with all other parties represented in the government—Demo-Christian, Monarchist, Laborist, Socialist, Republicans, Party of Action, and whatnot—in championing this national goal. Since long before the last war, "Trieste for Italy" has rung through the Italian national mind with about the same intensity, although for different reasons, that Pearl Harbor rang in the minds of Americans.

Yet, in Yugoslavia, Tito and all Yugoslav communists were proclaiming that Trieste must be Yugoslav. "Trieste for Yugoslavia" was as much of a byword of Belgrade communist Tito as "Trieste for Italy" was a byword of Rome communist Palmiro Togliatti.

What happened? Togliatti went to Belgrade, during my stay in Rome, to see Tito. He asked the Yugoslav to "compose this issue," and Tito in turn asked Togliatti to compose it himself. "What!" said each to the other. "You are asking me to ask the people of my country not to demand Trieste? Impossible."

Tito flew to Moscow and put the issue to Stalin. But here, as frequently in Europe, even the Kremlin found its own hands tied, for the practical problems of politics are not always controllable at the top, no matter who sits in the elevated chair. If Generalissimo Stalin told Tito to forget Trieste, Tito's followers would tell Tito he was a traitor to Yugoslavia. If Stalin told Togliatti to forget it, it would be the same as though an American political party came out with the slogan "Forget Pearl Harbor." Stalin could do nothing about uniting his own party's united front. And so it goes. It seemed apparent to me throughout Europe that, in the long run, the communists in France, for instance, will like the communists in Italy no more than French political parties have ever liked Italian political parties (or Frenchmen have liked Italians), which is not at all.

Yugoslav communists are as suspect to Greek communists as Greeks are always suspect to Yugoslavs, Turks to Greeks, Belgians

to French, Dutch to Danes, self-interested leaders to self-interested leaders everywhere.

Trieste, however, touched American-British-Russian relations at the highest level. At the Teheran Conference, the first meeting of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Stalin, the Italian Communists claim that the British Prime Minister brought the Soviet Marshal a proposal arranged along geopolitical lines.

This is the Communist version of what happened.

British anxiety centered on Russia's insistence for a sphere of influence, and a warm water port, in the Persian Gulf. England saw Russia pressing further south, dominating northern Iran to the exclusion of the Iranian government and the Allies, and speaking repeatedly of Basra as though Basra were a port she wanted on the Indian Ocean. The United States had completed immense ports and constructing terminal facilities there for Lend-Lease deliveries to Russia, and Russia officially proposed to break the zone away from British dominance and have the warm water ports to India opened for Russia after the war.

As early as January, 1942, Stalin spoke to Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden about this. The occasion was Mr. Eden's first wartime visit to Moscow. Molotov referred to it again to both Mr. Eden and Mr. Hull during the meeting of the Council of Foreign Secretaries in Moscow, in 1943. At the Teheran Conference Nov. 26–Dec. 2, 1943), Prime Minister Churchill knew that Stalin was prepared to present his demands in final form.

According to leading European communists, Churchill greeted Stalin at Teheran with an alternate proposal. As a diversion from Russia's emphasis on the warm water port in the Persian Gulf, he called Stalin's attention to the unique advantages of Trieste, on the Adriatic. Russia, he pointed out, could protect Trieste by land lines of communication—and had land forces to do so. It is only 600 miles from the Russian border to Trieste, and Russia's route—crossing only Roumania, Hungary and Yugoslavia—was already entirely Russia-controlled, and could easily remain so after the war. Accordingly, Roumania, Hungary, and Yugoslavia were delivered to Russian tutelage then and there, at Teheran.

Stalin's interest was immediate and intense, and was immediately reflected in a new degree of interest in Tito in Moscow. Tito was called there promptly. (He had been graduated as a political agent of the U.S.S.R. by the famous West School in Moscow, as had also Togolloti, and been sent to Spain as a Soviet representative during the civil war.)

Stalin delivered Churchill's outline to Tito and, by Tito's own statement, to high American and British officials; assured him that Trieste would not be a new Danzig in World War II, about which there would be squabbles and uncertain solutions but, instead, that after a Joint Allied Commission occupied Trieste a reasonable length of time it would be delivered quietly to Yugoslavia—and Russia—by advance arrangement.

Great Britain in turn immediately entered into a new era of relationships with Tito, ostentatiously scrapped General Draja Mikhailovitch, who was on the way out anyway, sent Randolph Churchill, the Prime Minister's son, to see Tito and bring him England's blessing, dispatched Field Marshal Alexander to Belgrade for discussions, and prepared the way for a Tito conquest of Trieste.

On this basis, and in this way, both the Italian and Yugoslav Communist leaders claim Trieste was promised to Yugoslavia.

But, later, Tito could not resist the temptation to marry the girl before the engagement was announced. On Allied liberation of Trieste, Tito infuriated Field Marshal Alexander, the British, and ourselves, by the reckless way he publicly claimed Trieste, "won by Yugoslav blood," when it was intended that he should sit tight and say nothing.

While the Germans still occupied Trieste and so long as he depended on Anglo-American military coöperation to expel them, Tito forswore any claim that his possession would be nine points of the law. But after Germany's surrender in north Italy, and on Alexander's next visit to Tito at that time, he changed his hitherto congenial attitude towards the Field Marshal and began to try to push him around. A Britisher like Alexander will stand for just so much of this before he gets mad. Alexander, who had made such a

conscientious attempt to get along with Tito ever since the understanding at Teheran, returned to Caserta, furious and alarmed.

Tito's followers had worked themselves beyond Trieste, were pillaging in the Allied occupied area to the west, and began seizing numbers of Italian women and taking them back into the Yugoslav lines. New Zealand troops under Lieutenant General Sir Bernard Freyberg quickly put a stop to that. There was some Yugoslav talk about not permitting the American commander, General Mark W. Clark, on the piers at Trieste, and General Clark, who is no man to talk back to, promptly proceeded to go on the piers anyway.

General Clark drove up to the Tito sentry in a U.S. staff car. "I saluted him first," General Clark told me. "He was so surprised and so busy returning the salute that I simply walked past him in the process."

The problem, however, was not the Yugoslav irregulars. The British flexing of muscles around Trieste was so great that Tito's irregular infantry and four planes were nearly outnumbered by British tanks. Either Tito had to back down or Russia had to come in as Russia and support Tito with the Red Army.

It was that potentiality which was Britain's real anxiety. And the British were so alarmed over it that they not only requested the American authorities to cease transferring American forces from Italy, though this was after V-E Day and redeployment was in full swing; but Alexander's Chief of Staff (without his knowledge) even ordered American major generals in the field to stop the departures of our troops. This was countermanded twenty-four hours later by Supreme Commander Alexander himself.

But, in its larger sense, the Trieste "issue"—according to the Communists—was never really at stake after Teheran.

As for Italy itself, because Italy tied herself to the German war kite, and because Mussolini kept his country in our headlines for over twenty years, we may easily overestimate the importance to America of the "Italian problem," except in its effects on Italian votes at our polls.

In justice to American pocketbooks, most of the large recon-

struction and development we are doing and paying for there is no more justified than it would be in the Balkans.

In any case, Italy remains a good place to sing and a poor place to work.

The basic economy is rooted in a soil which cannot support the people and in a people who do not worry too much about supporting themselves.

Southern Italy, outside the circle of Europe A, has always been looked down upon by the north as a drain on the nation, a fact which disposes of that section's "normal prosperity" prospects even from the Italian point of view. Yet even in northern Italy the manufacturing plants, at best, never have competed successfully as to either price or quality with the really important manufacturing centers on the Continent. Except for a few specialties, Mussolini's industrialization of Italy was a resounding flop.

Further, Italy lives at the mercy of imported coal, having none of its own. Nor has Italy iron for steel or bauxite for aluminum; no copper, zinc, or lead in any quantity, and no oil. Even ancient Rome's splendor came exclusively from foreign plunder.

As for Italian agriculture, this is more promising on a domestic basis, because the people will work harder to eat than to build or to trade, although the country's fertilizer needs are heavy and the fertilizer must be imported.

The miracle of the British Isles, fully as poor as the Italian peninsula and possessing only two raw materials in abundance—limestone and coal—is how the English have always done so much with so little.

The answer comes in the nature of the Britisher: the intelligence, industry, and determination of the average British man and woman, their refusal to be beaten by nature, their talent for seafaring, the challenging climate of their England, and the quality of their self-government.

But the Italians are not British. Mussolini notwithstanding, Italy has never been anything but a third-rate power since the fall of Rome, or for that matter, since the first centuries of the Christian era.

As the seat of the Vatican, with all that this means to 375,000,000 Catholics throughout the world; as a fountainhead of history, art, and music, and as a place of beauty, this peninsula is one of the most interesting and valuable places in Europe, or the world. But so is Greece, so is Egypt and, to a lesser degree, so is Spain.

From the standpoint of American self-interest in terms of loans, bounty, American-paid labor and American-bought materials, remembering other immense strains placed on the United States at home and overseas, Italy simply does not justify America's multimillion dollar reconstruction program there.

Beyond the question of feeding Italians on purely humanitarian grounds, America's Italian program involved the reconstruction of war damage (much of it done by the Germans), industrial rehabilitation by Army and Navy engineers, a tremendous public works program at America's expense, handled in the atmosphere of our old W.P.A., and by many ex-W.P.A. officials, and a wide variety of boondoggling which ranged from giving baseball lessons to children in Naples (part of America's re-education program) to repairing the leaks in the gondolas on Venice's Grand Canal.

Such operations were taken largely out of the hands of the American military authorities, who through assignments by Washington to the various agencies performing hodgepodge functions over there, virtually lost control of large numbers of our GIs, retained overseas pending transfer home.

"The army doesn't know how to use these men as well as we do," one bumptuous UNRRA representative told me in Naples, "and they might as well be here doing some good as back home and out of work."

The remnants of Washington boondoggling philosophy, such free-riding executive personnel as you often see overseas, the absurd situation by which we pour American citizens' hard cash into the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (70% supported by the United States), and let everyone from foreign political hacks to the communist community clubhouse get the credit, must be swept clean from top to bottom or we shall continue to do two things: thanklessly waste our substance and moral

force while we fail dismally to supply true relief and influence where there is such a deep human need for us to succeed.

For instance, there are forty-five main food growing communes in Italy. Washington agency representatives visited all forty-five and asked each to establish its own quota of 1945 production, for delivery to the Allied food agencies at the controlled price and for distribution by the Italian government throughout Italy. The communes set their own quotas—at an admitted minimum, and far lower than past production or the normal expectancy. They argued the quotas down as far as they could.

The result? Among the forty-five communes, not one so much as met its own quota. The lowest delivery was forty per cent of quota, the highest eighty-two per cent. The average delivery of food, for use within Italy, by all Italian communes was sixty-one per cent. Why? The growers and middlemen simply turned in to the government at the controlled price as little as they possibly could—and sold the rest on the black market.

Then the communes called on America to live up to what they stated was America's "promise" and make up the difference between their deliveries into the government pool and the foodstuffs needs of the 40,000,000 Italian people.

Whatever glory there may be for other accomplishments in this world, the light of humanity is lit by those of our nation who by their will and persistence, and against all odds of war and pestilence and artificial objections, determine the ways and means to supply food to great numbers who otherwise would starve. When it is needed, there is no greater service within the power of any man, and that was Herbert Hoover's claim on the everlasting gratitude of the world after World War I.

But it is not America's duty or function to subsidize selfish systems abroad, to so mishandle relief affairs as actually to stimulate and support the black market octopus, or to extend aid without seeing that our European friends first help themselves as much as they can and that they give us as much in return as possible.

Our extravagant and bewildering multiplication of relief agencies all over Europe; our inept handling of our part in UNRRA, which

was plainly disgraceful and shocking; our attempts to butter up local factions by rotating the credit for relief among them, while burying the fact that it was American effort and generosity which made the relief possible; and our well-intended but appalling over-promises, receive a sad reception.

Frequently even the fulfillment of our promises seems unimpressive to millions abroad, because large numbers of distressed Europeans, in contrast to their attitude towards Russia, simply do not consider that there is any limit to what the United States can give them or can be expected to give them. I suppose it is impossible for us to realize how incredibly (and unnecessarily) rich nearly everyone who does not live in America thinks America is.

The vision started long ago when Europeans saw our happy-go-lucky peacetime visitors and, except for the impression that feather-hatted Indians and stage-coach robbers were a national problem for us, thought only that most Americans were millionaires. This was documented over the years by letters and remittances from immigrants to our fabulous land sent back to folks they had left behind.

It was demonstrated most lately before the world's very eyes by the superb quality of our war materials, by items so fantastic to them as "K" rations put up in individual packages for each soldier and wrapped in cellophane, by our men's uniforms, telephone equipment, vehicles, and other things which even the least war-educated could understand; our men's pay as compared with European army pay (including Britain's); and finally, it was channelled into their ears as well as their eyes by our government's radio statements, emphasizing that the United States had not only the funds and substance, but also the moral duty, in the interests of world peace, to give them the things needed.

Human nature being as it is, millions of Europeans are deeply grateful to America, and they are the ones it is a joy to see. But more millions—including many of their political leaders whom we have helped mightily through the defeat of the Germans—grumble about our "broken promises" and appear to thank us not at all.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Pope Pius XII

REGULARLY AS SUNSET, and so punctually that you could set the clock by his movements, one of the most interesting men in Europe crosses the lawn from his Vatican office and visits Pope Pius XII in his apartments for an hour or so.

This engagement, famous among the Vatican staff but hardly known in the outside world, is always at eight o'clock in the evening. It is the moment for the Pope's daily relaxation through an exchange of views with his devoted friend Enrico Pietro Galeazzi.

"If anyone can help your project," the then Archbishop Francis J. Spellman told me in New York, while I was attempting to make advance arrangements for an exclusive journalistic audience with the Pope, "the man is Enrico Pietro Galeazzi."

In thirty years, no Pope had received a reporter on a quotable basis, meeting with journalists only to supply background, and none had allowed himself to be directly quoted since Carl von Wiegand's famous interview at the Vatican, in 1915. As for general meetings with the press, the Pope meets groups at his audiences but holds no press conferences, and it is contrary to Vatican protocol to question the Pope.

Signor Galeazzi to whom Archbishop Spellman referred is a layman. He holds no rank in the Church. His title is Director General of Technical and Economic Services, and he is Chief Architect to the Holy See. As such, his responsibilities and his contributions to the remarkable excavations under St. Peter's make him generally

regarded as the foremost Italian in his profession—a profession in which Italians, of course, have been among the leaders of the world for centuries. But, beyond this, quiet and shy, Signor Galeazzi is undoubtedly the man among all lay personalities at the Vatican today who is most intimately in contact with Pope Pius II.

I met Signor Galeazzi at a dinner which American Ambassador Alexander C. Kirk gave at our Embassy. I had known Mr. Kirk in my newspaper work in Berlin and Cairo, and he was kind enough to arrange this appointment the night I reached Rome.

I presented Archbishop Spellman's letter of introduction to Signor Galeazzi at once, Signor Galeazzi's resulting coöperation was the key to the Pope's acceptance of my application for the journalistic audience.

Since appointments had been cancelled because of his illness, formal activity and all ceremony was absent from the Pope's Vatican apartments on the day arranged. There were no Swiss Guards standing at attention with their halberds and long serpentine swords. The Chamberlains, the Papal Gendarmes, the Palatine officers, and the various Monsignors, usually on hand even for private audiences, had been withdrawn from the succession of rooms in the Raphael wing. The halls were vacant. There was not a sound.

I was escorted from the small private elevator to the second floor by Signor Galeazzi alone. At the end of the entrance corridor he delivered me to Monsignor Frederico Callori, Papal Chamberlain, who showed me to the door of the Pope's library. I entered alone and without introduction and remained alone with His Holiness throughout this visit.

The Pope's desk is not at the far end of the room. It is set close against the wall on the right of the door from which you enter. This location gives His Holiness the benefit of the light on his left from the three undraped windows facing the warm sun of St. Peter's Square. But the effect was a little bewildering from the threshold. Looking ahead, the library seemed empty.

When I was halfway across the floor, wondering whether the Pope might be waiting in some room beyond, His Holiness looked

up from his work and saw me. He smiled, spoke a word of greeting from behind me and rescued me from going further.

"Sit down," he said, motioning me towards him and to a chair, "and we will have our talk."

Pope Pius XII is a man with thin grey hair and a pale smooth face, shallow and drawn, whose manner suggests a combination of shyness and force. Dressed in plain white robes, wearing as badges only a small Papal ring and a pectoral cross which he fingered in his hand, the Pope's simplicity and humility strikes you at once. As you talk with him you find the same qualities in his manner, his expressions, his hopes and fears, and in his approach to any question of theology, international politics, economics, or public welfare. His views on the state of the world today and of each of the nations are distilled from information streaming to him from perhaps more diversified sources than to any man alive. But his opinions are given modestly, full of allowances for error, and always in a framework of his great deference for the moral needs of mankind.

The Pope's voice is soft and toneful. His English comes with reasonable ease, although not fluently, and when you use an English word which is not familiar to him, he does not let it pass. He smiles, asks you to repeat it, and suggests that it is his fault and not yours that your meaning is not clear.

He speaks quietly, and he sits quietly while he speaks, hardly gesticulating at all except for an occasional moving of his two hands before his face as though to free his thoughts and draw out his words.

The Pope's deep brown eyes are warm and cheerful. His whole attitude is helpful, for he makes you feel as though he would like to agree with your answer to any question, if he could.

He is frank and revealing in his discussion, speaking without hesitancy or evasion on matters of world problems and public interest which involve the Holy See, and asking only in a most natural way that his views not be repeated regarding anything which might be misunderstood. I have interviewed many world leaders. I have never met a more trusting personage than Pope Pius XII.

Through his years of service in Germany as a Cardinal, His Holiness knew the German situation at first hand.

He spoke of Hitler.

"Most snakes befuddle their prey," he said, "and sometimes they seem to inherit the serpent's power. It stupefies and bewilders the simple hearts of others, who see the serpent's power demonstrated without understanding it, who are touched by it without being able to believe it, and who sink engulfed in the problem of it, like Empedocles into Etna.

"Prideful men like Hitler seek to justify themselves in their own eyes and generally succeed in doing so. The first attribute of the prideful leader is self-deception.

"Certainly there is no question, in the example of Hitler, but that this preposterous man worked himself into believing that everything he did was in Germany's interest and that he was operating for the 'good' of the German people. Yes, pride is at the root of so many of the world's tragedies; stubborn and corrosive pride, which dilutes many leaders' judgment and weakens their characters.

"Conditions vary, and the manifestations differ, but the seed of their personal sin is pride.

"Where there is no spiritual corrective operating within a man," His Holiness continued, "human nature runs amuck.

"What saves the good man is conscience. It dissipates the narcotic vapors, the opium-like hallucinations, the stupor induced by great acclaim. It drives him into contact with the true conception of human responsibilities. It is the bugle call, the cockcrow, which puts self-aggrandizement to flight. It is the armed archangel who chases him from the artificial paradise of his own pride."

The Pope, now seventy, was born Eugenio Maria Giuseppe Giovanni Pacelli. He is a Roman, the first Pope born in Rome in more than 200 years. His birthplace (March 2, 1876) was in an old four-story building called Plazzo Pediconi on the ancient Via degli Orsini, a short, narrow street in one of the oldest quarters. The Pacellis were members of what is called the "Black" nobility, families granted their titles by the Pope and not by the King. The

Pope's father, Filippo Pacelli, and his grandfather, had served the Vatican in various capacities since 1851.

Eugenio, even as a child, showed profoundly religious tendencies, and although, at his father's request, he studied law in a lay school, he always expressed the wish to be a priest.

Young Eugenio entered Capranica College, a Roman seminary, in 1894. He continued his work in theology at Gregorian University, graduated there, and was ordained priest on April 2, 1899.

The century was closing in a murky atmosphere of theory and rhetoric. On the threshold of the new era, violent and contradictory doctrines were rudely dispelling old romantic illusions in Europe. The world was enveloped in a confusion of prophecies.

Nietzsche, insane, lay on his deathbed. Croce was explaining the historic and economic fraternalism of Karl Marx. The new voice at the Collège de France was the voice of Henri-Louis Bergson. Bismarck was dead, after abandoning "the spirit of the Florentine secretary" and reversing his lifelong ideas in the last days of his active existence. And a frail old man, ninety years of age, so frail that it seemed as though he might blow away if there were any wind at all, a halo of white hair encircling his vast forehead, a man with a kindly smile and penetrating eyes—Pope Leo XIII—saw the passing of his German adversary in the religious wars of the *Kulturkampf* and continued to define in trenchant terms for all churchmen the theologic conception of society. This was the atmosphere of the young priest's first touch with the intellectual world.

His first official relationship with the Vatican came in February, 1901, with Monsignor Pietro Gasparri, chief of one section of the Papal Secretariat of State, invited Eugenio to join his office in the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. His immediate superior was Monsignor Giacomo della Chiesa who was then Under-Secretary of the Congregation. The Monsignor became Pope Benedict XV.

The new Pope, familiar with Pacelli's talents, gave him increased responsibilities at the beginning of World War I. Benedict XV sent him abroad, to England three times and on various missions throughout Europe.

Papal Secretary of State Gasparri resigned in 1930, and the Pope appointed Pacelli to succeed him. In this office he visited the United States, Canada, and South America, and toured Europe. In spite of his eminence, the election of a Papal Secretary of State to become Pope, with one other exception, is unique in the history of the Church. The earlier exception was Hildebrand, the monk, Secretary to Pope Alexander II. Hildebrand became Pope Gregory VII in 1073.

This is all the more curious because the Secretary of State, in addition to being the Pope's Foreign Minister, is the only Minister for many affairs of policy which do not involve religious matters. Further, the Secretary of State is, as a rule, the only Cardinal who resides at the Vatican.

Cardinal Pacelli's coronation ceremony as Pope took place in St. Peter's on March 12, 1939. In 1945, he was in the sixth year of his reign.

In the moral area, when the Pope expressed a particularly impressive summary of his spiritual purposes, I asked him if he would pause a moment and confirm my understanding of what he had just said, for I wished to include it in my dispatch. He said that, instead, he would compose his words more formally by writing them himself and that he would have them ready for me that evening. This he did in his own hand, along with a special war message to the American people. A Vatican messenger delivered the Pope's manuscript to me at my hotel at exactly the hour that His Holiness said it would be ready.

Answering an inquiry about his health, for his illness at the moment was widely reported in the world news and the cause of some alarm, the Pope said that he had had influenza but that it had carried with it no touch of pneumonia. He said his temperature had been high at intervals and that, therefore, against his will, he had cancelled his audiences at the Vatican doctor's orders. He said that he had been receiving each day, nevertheless, various officials of the Secretariate of State.

The Pope told me that he awakes each morning at six-thirty. He shaves himself with an electric razor, bought in the United States

during his visit to our country as a Cardinal, in 1936. In Church functions, the number of his ceremonial retainers is nearly limitless. But the Pope has only one personal servant. He is Giovanni Stefanori, a grey-haired old Italian who has been his valet since the Pope was Secretary of State. In contrast to the magnificence of St. Peter's and the Vatican as a whole, the Pope's living quarters in the Raphael wing are as bare and Spartan as monastery chambers might be in a remote part of the world. His bedroom, reminding you that it is in the Vatican only because it has two windows facing St. Peter's Square, is furnished with a plain brass bed, a common dresser, and a rough mahogany desk. There is one small mirror in this room, the only mirror in the Pope's apartments.

His dining room, which adjoins the bedroom, has only an ordinary walnut table and two sideboards. Stefanori also serves his meals. Invariably, and by Vatican custom, the Pope eats alone. He eats sparingly—coffee, a roll, and a glass of milk for breakfast, a light lunch and a light evening meal. He pays little attention to his food. His solitary mealtimes are largely periods of meditation. Pope Pius XII now has in his dining room, however, two regular guests —two canary birds which Stefanori lets out of a cage as soon as the Pope is seated. They fly around at random, chirp and sing on the window sill, come when the Pope calls them by name, alight on his shoulder or eat their own meals from two small saucers at his elbow.

The Pope says mass in his private chapel at seven-thirty. By eight-thirty he is at work at the large walnut desk in his library. There he sees his administrators, reads news bulletins prepared for him from all over the word, and receives churchmen and laymen in a schedule which he maintains with great punctuality, which is a feature in the character of the Pope.

Papal audiences end not later than 1:00 P.M. Then the Pope receives a list of recommended requests for private audiences and decides on his future engagements. His general audiences, held in groups, take place each Wednesday morning at ten.

After bestowing his blessing, the Pope makes it a custom to walk among the crowd, talks with as many people as he can, and loses

all semblance of aloofness. This touch of the village clergyman is strong in Pope Pius XII, and he is frequently almost mauled as he stands among hundreds of people who wish to touch his tunic or obtain a special blessing.

"I talk with as many visiting soldiers of all faiths as I can in these audiences," the Pope said, "and I only wish I could talk with more." Among our military leaders he referred in an especially complimentary way to four-star General Joseph T. McNarney, who was American commander in the Mediterranean theater.

His Holiness spoke of General Eisenhower, who is not a Catholic, and praised his character. When I mentioned that I was to see General Eisenhower soon after leaving Rome, the Pope picked up a rosary from his desk, blessed it in a prayer for the Allied leader and invited me to give it to him as a token of personal esteem. I delivered the Pope's gift to General Eisenhower a few weeks later at Reims.

His Holiness has his solitary lunch promptly at one-thirty. He follows this with a short rest in his bedroom. In the late afternoon he breaks his work by an hour's walk in the Vatican Garden, a habit followed through many years and first urged on him as a youth by Cardinal Gasparri when his frail constitution showed early signs of being overtaxed.

Returning to his study, the Pope works alone, writing on an American typewriter or dictating to a secretary. This is his period of most concentrated effort, for it is then that he drives himself in completing his immense correspondence and in finishing the duties of the day.

"It is astonishing," His Holiness remarked, in outlining his day, "how all of us are generally encumbered with the thousand and one hindrances which wind us about with their spider threads and fetter the movement of our wings. Confusion in our work today discounts the freedom of tomorrow.

"Confusion is the enemy of all comfort, and I have found that most of it is born of procrastination. To know how to be ready for the next thing we must know how to finish the last. Nothing is done but what is finished. The things which we leave dragging

behind us will start up again later on before us and block our path.

"To be always ready a man must be able to cut a knot, for everything cannot be untied; he must know how to disengage what is essential from the detail in which it is wrapped, for everything cannot be equally considered; in a word, to accomplish much he must simplify his life.

"I strive to let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow. In this way I attempt to be always ready for what may come. A principal joy of my life, and a source of endless gratitude, is the assistance of my kind helpers in always completing today the daily duties which I do not wish to have run over until tomorrow."

His Holiness dines early, eating a frugal meal of anything that Stefanori puts before him and finishing punctually by a quarter to eight.

At eight o'clock Enrico Pietro Galeazzi joins him in his study. At this hour the Pope's day is over. He can relax with his lifelong friend.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Big Ottos Without Indians"

I WAS STAYING at Allied Headquarters in Italy as the guest of General Joseph T. McNarney and after my visits in Rome he picked me up there and flew me back to Caserta.

General McNarney, who succeeded General Eisenhower as commander in Europe, is an old and close friend. We have been together in many places, in good war periods and bad, sometimes when the breaks were coming fine, other times stuck as we were in Lisbon, in 1941, when war was declared and he risked internment and there was no way to get out except by the special Clipper on which we left. Now he had come to Italy as Commanding General of the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, direct from the War Department—where he had served as Deputy Chief of Staff, the Number Two man in our army under General Marshal.*

Graduating from West Point in the famous Class of 1915 (Generals Eisenhower, Bradley, etc.) General McNarney came up through the army as an air officer. At forty-six, he became the youngest major general, next the youngest lieutenant general and, finally, one of the youngest full generals in our forces.

Working out of Caserta, he and I flew all over Italy, back and

* On V-J Day there were 1,537 American Army generals on active duty: 4 five-star generals; 12 four-star; 49 three-star; 399 two-star; and 1,073 one-star. In most cases, of course, these ranks were temporary. With the exception of the full Generals Pershing, March, Summerall, and MacArthur, the highest permanent rank in the United States Army during World War II was Major General. And there were only eleven officers holding that rank. In order of seniority they were: Marshall, Arnold, Pratt, Emmons, Eisenhower, Wainwright, Stilwell, Patton, McNarney, Somervell, and Bradley.

forth, north and south, in and out of one airport after another, and to the units at the front. General Mark W. Clark had his command post outside Florence, and we visited him there. The 10th Mountain Division, just arrived from the United States, had come into action and was staging a heavy reconnaissance against German positions on Mount Belvedere. General Clark piled us into his jeep and took us to the forward lines.

We flew 400 miles south from Mount Belvedere to Bari, near the heel of the Italian boot. This was the headquarters of the 15th Air Force, the heavy bomber contingent striking Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia across the Alps and geared in with the operations of the 8th Air Force based in England.

Sitting at the controls of a Flying Fortress, Major General Nathan F. Twining, commanding the bomber armadas under Lieutenant General Ira Eaker, flew me in his Regensburg anniversary attack. Our course was out over the Adriatic, picking up group after group, until we had collected in the air over a thousand American planes, assembled from the fields scattered throughout the length of Italy.

One by one, as though directed by some instinct, the clusters—large and small—droned into formation from the west; slowly, silently, phantomlike in the wispy clouds. Radio words passed between the planes and to the ground. Radar rays probed out to detect the flying enemy and the mountains.

How different Twining's great plane, and how different this flight, from that of four years earlier over the North Sea to Finland in the trembling Hudson.

The oxygen came now in the mask only as you needed it, with the intake of each breath. A blinker signal clicking each time you inhaled, showed that all was well. No cold. This plane was heated.

Then it was the Germans who flew relentlessly in line, row after row, lifeless and terrible, like apparitions from another world. Now we were on the attack. It was not dark here, as it was then. The sky was a sapphire blue. The Germans needed night. We could attack in daylight.

Now smart, fast fighters, trim and hard as bullets, sparkling in

the bright sun, appeared as though from nowhere and took their places on guard around the streaming formation. Our rendezvous (Air Force Point, it is called) was at the top of the Adriatic off the coast of Yugoslavia, near Trieste. There our formation was complete. It was over a hundred miles long. We were ready to cross the snow-capped Alps, and strike the anniversary blow at Regensburg, north of the Brenner Pass area.

We flew up into the solid mounds. We had all the visibility in the world, the cumulus clouds were loose and high above the snow-streaked peaks and as far as all horizons the whole bed of mountains was like a rolling desert of white ridges, chasms and voids. We were on our way.

We took bearings on the winding river and railway gorge and passed high over the vital bridge bombed out so many times, where the railway crossed the river in the most vulnerable bottleneck in the Brenner area.

This side of the town of Brenner an ancient fortress guarded the gorges, as archaic and meaningless as a moss-covered voodoo sign, and before long we were over Bolzano. There the Germans operated their largest flying field in north Italy, the center of the fighter-field belt they strung across the peninsula to intercept bombers like ours coming north.

Field Marshal Kesselring also operated a secret passenger plane daily from this field, across the Mediterranean directly to Spain. Our airmen detected it in our radar sets stationed along the Riviera, but the plane flew high and fast and at uncertain hours. It hardly paid to keep a patrol up to try to intercept it. This, however, was the only quick contact between Germany's Madrid embassy and Berlin, and when I delayed Herr Dr. Ambassador Hans Heinrich Deitrich on his high-level visit to Der Führer he was being delayed in going this way: Madrid-Bolzano-Berchtesgaden-Berlin.

Near Brenner and towards Innsbruck (such a lovely town before the war), the river made an immense backtrack and then straightened in its rush through the gorge. Over Brenner itself we saw that the famous railroad station where Hitler and Mussolini shook hands—and shook the world—had been blown right out of its

foundations. In places like this, freight, bridges, sidings, or what-not, had been plastered and mauled into sand.

Over Regensburg, one year earlier, American fliers had suffered the greatest losses inflicted on any American air force in any action in the war. It was the climax of the greatest air battle ever fought over Europe.

Then—in February, 1944—our American fighter planes could not fly far enough from their bases in Southern Italy to accompany our bombers to the Regensburg industrial area and back. The best our bomber crews could do to protect the Fortress and themselves was load the plane with 10,000 to 12,000 pounds of *extra* machine gun ammunition and go to it. They knew what was coming.

When the B-17's approached Regensburg, our bomber pilots heard German ground defenses radioing each other: "Big Ottos without Indians!" (In Luftwaffe jargon: B-17 Flying Fortresses on the way without American fighter planes as escorts.)

Up came the central reserve of the German airforce.

From the top of the Alps to Regensburg and back, 300 German fighters attacked, flying in circles around the ships and diving in on all sides. They knocked down fifty-two heavy bombers in one hundred minutes, one every two minutes for over an hour and a half. Some 390 American airmen were killed in the German sky. Another 190 bailed out and were captured on German soil. Of the 3,360 Americans airborne that morning, including a diversionary effort to screen our attack on Regensburg, nearly fifteen per cent did not return that night.

But when our heroic men of the 15th Air Force, and of the British-based 8th, which followed them in, fell, they took the hard central core of the German fighter force down with them. Hitler's big stick at Munich which he waved over the peace of the world; Göring's "Our bombers and fighters, you know, and our organization. So quick and so big in the fight, you know, and who can prepare now like this?" Germany's air weapon, hoarded for use against our forthcoming Normandy invasion, never again was able to fight in real strength.

Twining's anniversary flight a year later was the measure of the

distance American air power had traveled. Our flight contained 595 heavy bombers, escorted all the way to the target and back by 334 American fighters, 6,284 Americans were airborne in this march. Not one German plane came up to attack us. Instead of losing fifty-two bombers out of 117, we lost nine out of 595, all to antiaircraft fire from the ground. Instead of one climactic day over Regensburg, this was the thirteenth consecutive day General Twining's men had put 1,000 or more planes over German-held Europe.

But what were his first words at the celebration in Bari this night? They were quiet words in memory of the men who did not come back from Regensburg a year ago this day.

When I left Italy I flew with General McNarney nonstop from Rome to London. He was due at a meeting of the American-British-Russian European Advisory Council there.

It was a Jonah trip.

For various generals' uses on long hops, including trans-Atlantic contact with Washington, the Air Force converted a number of what were called "war weary" Flying Fortresses, no longer fit to fight but still fit to fly. However, for various structural reasons, a Fortress converted to passenger use still leaves you the most airplane with the least seat space, but you have four engines and long range, and those were the things needed.

We were giving General McNarney's newly converted Fortress its try-out, and it tried us out before we got through. At Rome we lost the tail wheel. Leaving Bovingdon field, outside London, the weighted wire of the radio antennae reeled out too fast, built up a friction, and set the bottom of the plane on fire. The crew put out the fire with extinguishers, but we had to go back into Bovingdon, with fire engines and ambulances panting on the runway. We had to switch ships.

General McNarney telephoned Lieutenant General James H. Doolittle, who made his 8th Air Force headquarters at Bovingdon, and asked for another plane. We got another converted Fortress and started out once more, routing ourselves to Paris where General McNarney was to drop me off on his way back to Rome. At

Paris' Orly airport the pilot hit some stones at the edge of the runway. These were thrown up into the wing flaps, damaged them badly, and a second Fortress was out of commission.

"It looks to me," said Joe, "as though we're doing this the hard way."

But in any case we were in Paris, and that was something.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

France's Chance

IN FRANCE nobody in our army or government knew how to live with De Gaulle and nobody seemed to know how to live without him. The De Gaulle dilemma remained as I saw it from its beginning in England, in 1941 and in Algiers in 1943.

De Gaulle continued to try the patience of Anglo-American civilian and military authorities in ways so needless, if not stupid, that anyone who loved France and believed that the future peace of Europe must depend on the rebirth of a strong France and strong Franco-British-American unity was agonized by his antics.

The mystery is why De Gaulle failed to change his pace after he returned to France and obtained power.

With France liberated, De Gaulle no longer needed to make straw men out of Great Britain and the United States; and as, mysteriously enough, he continued to do so, *this failure to change his pace* became the root of his final Allied troubles.

His refusal to meet President Roosevelt in Algiers after the Yalta Conference, though Mr. Roosevelt was practically on his deathbed and De Gaulle knew full well that he was terribly ill and could not come to Paris, was only one more example. The American reaction to this threw a monkey wrench into a dozen negotiations for the welfare of the French people, including a $150,000,000 American ship deal which then fell through.

This Algiers affair did not sit well even with the French people. They are a practical race, and beyond their good feeling for America and their affection for President Roosevelt, which was very

real, they knew that the United States was the only source from which a stream of civilian blessings could flow.

Then, immediately after the Truman-Stalin-Attlee Potsdam Conference, from which France was excluded, De Gaulle went off on his own special tangent regarding the Germans, clashing promptly with both Field Marshal Montgomery and General Eisenhower in the process.

Striding into the Saar, he addressed German audiences: "Despite all that has happened between us, we must work together and try to understand each other." In these terms, and over the heads of the Allied commission, he made his bid for French acquisition of the Rhineland. But, clearly, this was not all he had in mind. He issued personal instructions, and had them highly publicized inside Germany, to the effect that the French occupation army in Berlin proposed to feed all 400,000 Germans in its part of Berlin, hitherto supplied by the British. Obviously, De Gaulle would have no purpose in accepting this immense drain on French substance if he were interested simply in western Germany. What he did was to launch a full-blown policy for a western European bloc—under his leadership—to include Germany, Spain, and Italy and to exclude both Great Britain and the United States.

Yet we deserve our share of blame for our part in the vicious circle of who-sabotaged-whom. Our foreign policy treated General de Gaulle like Pickwick's fat boy—now we saw him and now we didn't. Throughout his career and even during his visit to our country in 1945, our foreign policy played tag with General de Gaulle, and our indecisiveness and inconsistency stimulated not the best but the worst qualities in him.

In response to a more wise and consistent Anglo-American policy towards De Gaulle, it is hard to say what good things he might have done on behalf of Anglo-American-French unity. But in any case, there was far less American bloodshed and less disturbance from civil disorders in prosecuting our war in France than anyone expected, and such authorities as General Eisenhower attribute this to De Gaulle.

As for France itself, as soon as the emotional impact of libera-

tion lessened, the French naturally traced to their government its share of the people's daily difficulties. The word inaction ran through most complaints, and a do-nothing policy on the home front was charged.

De Gaulle appeared to have an inferiority complex which would not let him come down to earth and realize that he could not speak forever about the glories of France and do practically nothing about civil management and the glories of the breadbasket. His first act on arriving in Paris was to regild the statue of Joan d'Arc opposite the Tuileries, but there remained limits to how far gilt would go when there continued to be no coal, transport, meat, or potatoes.

His administrators seemed to have practically no early interest in, and certainly no talent for, administrative affairs. The handling of ration tickets, permits, authority, and the whole rigmarole of bureaucracy reflected this. The French claimed that government bureaus operated with their efficiency at an all-time low, equaled only by the period of the Blum Socialist government, when signs in some French munitions plants read "A day lost in this factory is a day saved for the Revolution."

Since De Gaulle's Fourth Republic basked too long in the Joan d'Arc image without toiling successfully at France's home-front problems, some of the expected internal troubles which did not occur when we landed were bound to come later.

The result is that America may be forced to fill the vacuum of De Gaulle's early inactions with a whole series of expanded French reliefs unneeded had the new French government been competent to help the Frenchmen to help themselves.

In small French towns or industrial centers, on farms, in vineyards or on the quays of the ports the story is the same: The French are largely out of work, and a new bewilderment has set in.

As a young woman of the Resistance Movement expressed this to me at Dijon: "We live again in our free spirits now that the Germans are gone, and our personal fears and dangers largely disappear as a result of the Allied liberation. There is no measure for our individual relief over that. But the daily needs of life—food,

clothing and shelter—are harder to find than ever before as a result of the destruction after your Normandy landings. Everyday life is immensely harder than during the German occupation."

Only late in Germany's four years' occupation of the lovely land was transport seriously disrupted. And, from the French point of view, standing there and seeing the destruction and the resulting paralysis accrue before their own eyes, it was the British and ourselves who caused it.

Necessary as this was for the liberation of France, the new battle on the French homeland cut French life lines by destroying some 4,600 railway bridges, blasted and strafed out of commission over 200,000 French freight cars and 5,500 French locomotives, knocked out the nation's canal network on which so much French life depends, damaged or destroyed 1,400,000 buildings, slashed the available electricity from a normal daily 45,000,000 kilowatt hours during the German occupation to 20,000,000 after we threw the Germans out, and cut off coal deliveries. The past winter was harder than any winter of the entire war.

The French woman, like the Italian, Belgian, German, Greek or Russian woman, tried to buy her food at stores either government owned or where the prices were government controlled. She turned in her ration coupons for bread, grease, meat, sugar, flour, or spaghetti. But there was little to be bought at any controlled price. Except on farms, her family must live on the Black Market—because the Black Market prices attracted whatever supply was available.

The vicious circle went round and round. The Black Market drew food, materials and merchandise away from the controlled price outlets, and the food and materials drew the nation to the Black Market.

Penalties counted for little, even as they did in our liquor prohibition days, and, as a matter of fact, the Black Market prices to the French consumer were not much higher than those in legitimate outlets. This was because Black Market operators dealt in cash, paid no taxes to the government and, instead, pocketed the tax as their profit. With taxes high, this made the operators' profits

fantastic and still left their sales prices within competitive range of prices charged by taxpaying stores. The higher taxes went, the more handsomely this formula applied and the better it was for illicit commerce.

In addition to all this, France faces financial problems of plant reconstruction and general rehabilitation which are staggering. But that is where the better, and basically hopeful, side of the French picture begins to come in.

There are more plants suitable for operation there than in any country in Western Europe. With German and Italian industry practically bombed into oblivion, and with the dismantlement of Germany's industrial resources by the division at the Truman-Attlee-Stalin Potsdam Conference, France emerges for the first time as the top industrial nation in Western Europe, rivalled in size only by England. And France's economy remains basically the best balanced of any purely European nation.

Her agricultural areas balance her industrial production. France normally grows her own food and imports practically none. Her exports go to the world markets and bring her foreign exchange with which to buy such things as she must abroad. England, near by and with short, simple, and cheap means of communication, is her best customer. (There probably will be a tunnel under the shallow channel before many years.) Twenty per cent of France's total exports go to England, and England, in turn, is France's chief supplier.

France is rich in raw materials—as rich as England or Italy are poor. She has timber and iron ore, bauxite, potash, salt, pyrites, antimony and coal in abundance. She mines zinc, lead, manganese, and gold. And she has the immense inventive genius and individual imagination of the French people.

By Continental measurements France is a broad open country. Situated entirely within the favorable circle of Europe A, it has the most rare of all commodities in that division. It has space. Less than 40,000,000 people live in France, in an area half again as large as the Italian peninsula.

France alone in all Europe is basically self-sustaining.

What France needs from America for her rehabilitation she needs badly. *But she needs less, and is more able to pay for it in appropriate exports to us without upsetting the American economy than any major nation in Europe.*

What France needs more than all else, and what we nor anyone but the French themselves can give her, is a moral and spiritual rebirth.

The nation as a whole is deeply humiliated, hurt to the roots of its Latin temperament and thoroughly ashamed of its crushing defeat by the barbarians in this war. I saw Parisians tear the town apart on V-E Day, but the victories were not French victories. France was a beaten nation, and the French know it. She was beaten too in the last war, with the greatest sacrifices of any country among the Allies. She was beaten in 1870. France of herself has not been able to stand off aggressive neighbors in Europe for seventy-five years.

Yet for years before this last defeat French workmen were told by their political leaders that less work and more pay was the key to French prosperity and national security. Spurred on by Keynes and others, the French politicians were among the pioneers in the idea that, in the words of one Premier, "There need be no limit to government borrowing and financing in a country where the people are as loyal to the government as they are in France."

Frenchmen, in a human way, began to grasp the intoxicating idea that somebody else owed them a living. The famous sit-down strikes, in which France also pioneered, were a prompt manifestation. French production never recovered vitality from that day.

By the time the bubble burst with the defeat of France in thirty-nine days by a ruthless but hardworking German enemy, the lack of moral stamina—national character—had already been so exposed that the shock to the French was short, and the cynicism that followed came quickly.

Yet the French nation was the only large and important democracy on the entire Continent. France is the counterpart of the American Republic. The weakness in the individual spirit of freedom displayed by the terrible incapacities in France is a deadening

pall on the hope of democracy on the Continent as a whole.

When the Germans, knowing well the French character, had in mind the idea of stimulating cleavages among the French and tearing the national block apart from within itself by occupying only half of France, German technique struck one of its most diabolic and powerful blows against the ideal of freedom in Europe.

As for there being defects in the French people themselves, the things which even some Americans and British blandly call weakness of character, and the shades of temperament which contribute to the tragic problems of France, *these frailties are not peculiar to the French alone.* They are human frailties and *all of* us, in our different ways, are liable to them.

France is a nation of individualists, which means free-thinking men and women, with the urge to act freely and to live their own lives, and that is what we say we want throughout the world. Yet we laugh at the French for arguing so much, while we scowl at the German for arguing so little. The answer is we simply do not like the French as much as we must, if we are really to have the unity of democracy in Europe.

By one of the eternal contrasts which upset the balance of things, the French, who excel in the practice of life, care little for the organization of it; while the Germans, who are clumsy and inept in the practice of life, are infatuated by the prospect of organizing it. The German is in love with the idea of organizing everybody. But he has no genius for it. He is the opposite of the Frenchman; he has critical sense and aspiration, but no serene judgment of human values.

The Latins, more artistic, more self-assured, more capable of reflecting the sun, rest in the sense of their own power to achieve. On the German side you have inferiority complex action, on the Latin side, talent. The Germanic race thinks and organizes; the Latins feel and express; British people ponder and arrange.

To organize, to feel, to arrange—there perhaps you have the trio of Germany, France, and England.

Consider, too, that the French are proud, brave people. There are Frenchmen now in Europe who have integrity, patriotism,

and unflinching courage on a scale unsurpassed anywhere else in Europe—or in the United States either, for that matter. There are men and women in France who have wisdom, talent, and the deepest love for humanity, freedom, and justice, who do not need to take lessons in these qualities from anyone in the world.

It remains for them to establish a national unity, a moral and spiritual rebirth in their nation, and for *the country as a whole to make up its mind to go back to work.*

Then France's course must be towards England and America primarily, and as hopefully towards good relations with the Soviet Union as the U.S.S.R. may permit. (At Yalta, Stalin is reported to have said to Mr. Churchill: "France is finished.")

France and England have not been and are not now fast friends. This spasmodic cleavage between the only two other great democracies in the world besides the United States is a continuous calamity for France, England, Europe, and the world.

This rapprochement is fundamentally a problem which the French and British peoples must solve within themselves by improving their attitudes toward each other, or, if this is impossible, the bill for the failure to do so may again be as heavy as it has been in the past.

Then, basically, France must see her future as being on the Continent where she lives; in the role of the bellwether of the democratic ideal and *as the stabilizing influence for western civilization in continental Europe.*

If the French can put their own house in order, nearly any imaginable good can flow from this for the benefit of Europe as a whole. If the French cannot put their own house in order, there is little hope for a durable peace in Europe anyway. It is like saying we are going to have a beautiful concert at the opera house although the orchestra will not show up.

England, in turn, can gain confidence through any prospect of revived French strength by remembering, now that Germany is defeated, that if before Germany grew too strong, Great Britain had not helped mightily in strengthening Hitler and had, instead,

pursued a courageous policy during the years when to have been courageous would have been effective, and if England had been militarily powerful instead of pitiably weak, the influence of France at her side in behalf of European peace would have had a totally different result and *there would not have been a German war.* And, without a German war, where would the world war have come from?

Had England stood on the Continent where France stood, England too would have fallen, in 1940. Had America stood there, with her vest-pocket army and air force—no larger than Great Britain's—she too would have fallen, in 1940.

These are facts which come quickly to humiliated French minds, and, therefore, if both England and the United States would look at France with a less superior eye, we would help France handsomely towards the moral and spiritual revival which must occur before there can be any real fruits of the war we have won in Western Europe.

In assisting this aim of a reborn France, both England and America will need great patience, for the French situation presents discouragements every mile of the way and they are painfully plain to sight. But the aim is a thousand times worth the patience and represents an inescapable test of England's and America's statesmanship in the realities of the postwar world.

Meanwhile, it is not British policy nor American policy nor French policy which will settle the future of France. Kremlin policy will make or break heroic France. Nothing England, the United States, or France can do will alter this fact. If Russia continues to take guidance from Napoleon, the Kaiser, and Hitler, she will so press France from the outside by power politics and from the inside by subversive agitation that France cannot possibly survive as a democracy or as an independent nation.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Generals—and Montgomery

MOST THINGS EVENTUALLY funneled through Paris, but the real war capital was the quiet cathedral town of Reims, with three satellite capitals: Namur, Belgium; Vittel, the French Spa resort in the Vosges; and Brussels.

General Eisenhower, Deputy Supreme Commander Tedder, and strategic bomber General Carl Spaatz, were the Reims triumvirate: SHAEF, FORWARD, it was called, the forward echelon of SHAEF MAIN, the base of Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Forces at Paris (Versailles). SHAEF MAIN had long since become largely a bookkeeping center.

In Reims, I stayed with Sir Arthur Tedder at his villa on the outskirts of the village and found him wonderfully engaging and stimulating—able and natural, so good-humored, modest and long-headed—as in the earliest days of the war, and as at the very bottom of Allied fortunes on the Nile, in 1942.

Sir Arthur, like everyone I knew who went through that experience in the desert, including myself, looked back on the sand and wind of those days and nights with a loving eye.

The fantastic war there, nature's ferocious setting included, was at least plain and clear and straight. No civilians, no cathedrals or lovely cottages blown to pieces in battle; no starvation or harm to children who stood in the path; no old men and women, their faces buried in their hands by the roadside; no UNRRA, OWI, or free-riders; no policing and no local politics.

Rommel was there, and the British were there. The flat hard

desert said fight. Hitler and Mussolini announced they would take the Nile and they were poised to do it. Alexander and Montgomery in the sand, and Tedder and Coningham in the air, said they could not and would not have it. And then they turned the history of the war and the world at El Alamein, at the same time the Russians turned it at Stalingrad.

"That was a tidy war down there," Sir Arthur remarked. "This is a mess, and I hate it."

In the momentous months ahead, I visited every commanding general at the front, from the North Sea to the Alps and from the Alps to the Adriatic and stayed a while with each of them.

Sometimes these visits were for days on end, in houses, tents, villas, and trailers, flying thousands of miles back and forth along the fronts and covering nearly as much ground in command cars, jeeps, and tanks.

I stayed with General Bradley at Namur, General Vandenburg at Namur, General Hodges at Duren, near Cologne; General Spaatz at St. Germain, General Casada at Spa, Air Marshal Coningham at Crefeld by the Rhine; Field Marshal Montgomery in his trailer and tent camp near Hamburg; General Patton at Luxembourg, Frankfurt, and half a dozen other places; General Devers at Vittel, Landstuhl in the Siegfried Line, and Heidelberg; General Patch at Kaiserslautern, Darmstadt, and Augsburg; General Arthur Wilson at Nancy and Mannheim; General de Lattre at Strasbourg; commanders old and young, land and air, as swashbuckling as Patton or as quiet as Hodges. And, without exception, I found no American, British or French military leader from General Eisenhower down who was not heartsick about the need for this war.

General Eisenhower, looking at a map in his office in Reims, a room as plain as a hundred others in the building, a flat top desk near the windows and hardly a picture or ornament on the walls: "God, I wish we could get it over. They're crazy to keep on fighting like this. How do people get this way and cause all this suffering and trouble?"

General Spaatz at St. Germain (called by Goebbels the "Butcher

Bomber"): "If we could just make people understand the terrible waste in war and work half as hard for peace."

General Arthur R. Wilson in a plane along the Ruhr: "Look at the beautiful country on both sides of the lines. Up here, isn't it hard to believe there could be any reason for men to tear themselves to pieces?"

General Bradley, at dinner in his château, the night we got the Remagen bridgehead, the first crossing of the Rhine: "I think the Lord gave us this bridge to hurry us up and stop all this."

General Patton, in his trailer in the middle of the night, with his last major offensive scheduled to start at 3:00 A.M. He lay back on his bed, composed and quiet. He said to me: "Who do you suppose knows what it means to order an attack and know that in a few hours thousands of our boys are going to be killed or hurt. War is my work and I know I sound sometimes as though I liked it; perhaps I do—how can I tell?—but this war hurts everybody, and at times like this I wish I could just fight single-handed, alone."

R.A.F. Air Marshall Coningham, at his Crefeld airfield, inspecting a jet plane: "If men know enough to develop atomic warfare and the rocket, we ought to know how not to use them. As victors, our cities will be rebuilt as they were before the war. London and such places as Edinburgh, Paris, and Brussels, which were untouched by the war, will remain tight and inviting targets where millions of peace-loving people may be trapped by even more sudden and larger devastation than this time. It is Western Europe and the United States which will be left with the vital bull's-eye targets. I believe rocket principle devices twenty years from now—only one generation—will have developed as far beyond this war's rockets as our bombers have over the little package-droppers of the last war, less than thirty years ago. Either we have general peace this time, or the next time the war will be utterly lethal. I'm so sick of destruction I can hardly think about what could be ahead unless we use our hearts and brains right."

General Albert C. Wedemeyer, commander of the China Theater, who faced problems and tribulations there the equivalent of General Eisenhower's in Europe, speaking to President Chiang

Kai-shek in his house at Chungking. Wedemeyer has a strong philosophical strain, is a scholar as well as a soldier, and a man of exceedingly high purposes. Chiang Kai-shek was about to leave—after discussing another (permanent) crisis in Chinese affairs. "You hate war as much as I do," said Wedemeyer, "and yet your people, unlike ours, have seen it, felt it push in on all sides of them, and suffered from it, for thousands of years. Here in China it must seem to you sometimes as though a destiny says there never will be peace. But here, to me, it seems as though this vast country is like the sky.

"Maybe mankind's best future can find its expression in astronomy; no pause, but no hurry; orbits, cycles, energy, but at the same time harmony; movement and yet balance. Is war, the preying of man upon man, and the pains of the whole self-lacerated society to which those who win the battle and those who lose alike belong, really a stupendous and *inevitable* type of balanced action? I cannot believe it. Theorists who reason like this must be wrong. The improvement of political intellect, war weariness from total war, and the fear of the weapons of the future certainly will be the agents of a better result. This result will be the compromise between greed and fear which is required."

General Devers, on the starlit terrace of the Dr. Karl Bosch house he took over to live in at Heidelberg: "It's a long way home. The one thing I want to do more than anything in the world is wind this up and get home with Mrs. Devers."

General MacArthur, standing in the doorway of his office in Manila: "Today in our moments of bewilderment it sometimes seems as though we live in a lunatic asylum, except that an asylum is an orderly, decent, and sane place, and the only insanity there is in the minds of the people; whereas today the world society is in chaos, but the people in it are mostly sane."

General Patch, looking out his window at Augsburg, leaning his hands on the window sill and peering down at some dogs playing in the sun on the cobblestone court below: "I see them playing there nearly every day. Sometimes I think they have more sense than we have. They've succeeded in making a bad-tempered dog

who used to snap at them so lonesome that he has stopped all this now, and they've got him playing with them like the rest."

Much is written about the so-called military mind, and on the question of what training in regimentation and destruction does to the outlook, attitude, and spirit of professional officers whose life is a continuous preparation for war. Individual attitudes varied among our commanders and the question can easily be over-simplified. But one of the blessings of our country, within the overall blessing that our peace-loving and non-militarist nation could provide so many competent military leaders for so many tasks in this war, is the fact that our generals as a whole never lost their perspective and never began to think of war as a normal accompaniment of American life and of America's progress.

General George C. Marshall deserves most the credit for this. Through selection and example, the basic Americanism in the top commands in the field was directly achieved by him.

The one jarring note, which echoed on all sides and disturbed Americans and British alike, was struck by Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery. The "Montgomery problem" was famous at the top levels in the Anglo-American set-up, and this is what it appeared to be:

Britain's Number One war hero was the hermit of the Allied Forces. Montgomery lived in a trailer during all campaigns and detached himself from his own headquarters and from the general headquarters at Reims between actions. The wiry Scotsman carried his isolation to a remarkable extreme.

This was not due entirely to temperament. It was part of a personal plan—the mothering of an attitude—which Montgomery felt helped him fight the war. But the result was unfortunate in his relations with other British and American commanders and, towards the end, the Field Marshal was written off generally as very close to an impossible man.

Yet, like most troubles in the world as a whole, this was needless. Montgomery, a man of character, great integrity, and demonstrated talents was really his own worst enemy in the squabbles which embittered the coalition commanders. General Eisenhower and

Deputy Supreme Commander Tedder, especially, saw this and eased the tension time and again by emphasizing Montgomery's larger values.

I first saw Montgomery, then a lieutenant general, in the Egyptian desert, in 1942. The trouble started there, after the victory at El Alamein. Alexander, a man of great modesty, conceived that victory—Britain's first in the war. But Montgomery executed it as Alexander's field commander. The headlines went to Montgomery. So did the hearts of the British soldiers and the British people. Montgomery acquired an exclusive place in the British mind to a degree that General MacArthur would have acquired among Americans if we had had no other winning general in the war.

Montgomery himself, it seemed to me, was clearly taken aback by all this. By nature a quiet, stern, and reticent man, he had always been the reverse of colorful. In fact, I found him mystified and somewhat annoyed by the dramatic atmosphere which surrounded several American commanders. Then Montgomery underwent a change. He had always put great emphasis on troop morale (his strongest point) and he decided that new times called for new methods. He began deliberately to dramatize himself in manners no British general had ever indulged in before. His model in acquiring a flair was our own General Patton, likewise a master in stimulating troop morale.

By the winter of 1943, when I next saw Montgomery fighting in Italy, Field Marshal Alexander, still his superior, had been completely overshadowed in the British soldier and civilian minds.

Britain's major problem now was to select a commander who could best lead the British troops across the Channel. The largest proportion of British troops had been cooped up on the home isles for a long time. Admittedly their morale was low when they faced their hardest ordeal.

Prime Minister Churchill came to Tunis, preferring not to make the choice between Alexander and Montgomery on his own responsibility. Describing the condition of the troops in England, he asked each British general of the associated forces to state his preference. Alexander was the unanimous choice on the grounds

of competence, ability to coöperate, and overall fitness. Further, as Montgomery's superior officer, his rank entitled him to the choice.

But by common consent, including Alexander's, the only British general who could lift British confidence to the heights necessary for the crossing of the English Channel and the frontal invasion of France, was Montgomery. On that basis, rather than any high-level confidence in Montgomery's strategic talent, Alexander was left in Italy and Montgomery was given command of all British forces waiting in England.

Montgomery did his morale job superbly. He wiped out the recollection of Dunkirk (long a constant deterrent to the British approval of any Channel crossing), and landed his troops with great success.

Once ashore in Normandy, however, Montgomery sat down. His analysis of proper strategy was to sit tight until he could effect a far larger build-up of his forces than originally intended or thought necessary. The imponderable was the question of the value of time. Montgomery simply preferred to lose time rather than take any chance of losing a battle.

He may have been right in his calculations of the risks and in his reticence to attack. He may have been wrong. But, in any case, he kept demanding more and more material, much of which had to be diverted from other commanders, before he would move. And this, repeated later on even a larger scale before he was willing to cross the Rhine, was the root of the feeling about Montgomery among British, American, and French commanders alike.

For instance, for the Rhine crossing, Montgomery increased his requisitions for bridging equipment three times. Pontoon and treadway bridge assemblies were the supply bottleneck for the entire operation. The only way Montgomery's insistences could be met was by decreasing the allotments elsewhere. The number of bridges provided for Generals Hodges, Patton, Patch, and Delattre de Tassigny had to be slashed and the difference diverted to Montgomery before he would agree to cross. Further, Montgomery insisted on the largest artillery barrage ever laid on in the war. The

guns had to come from the other commanders performing their part of the same Rhine operation.

The effect on the feelings of most other commanders was automatic. And it was heightened every day by Montgomery's personal deportment. The chief feature of this was his standing refusal to come to Allied headquarters at Reims. If General Eisenhower wanted to see Montgomery he had to go to Montgomery. Montgomery made only two or three exceptions to this rule during the entire war. Prime Minister Churchill was treated in the same way. Montgomery would not, and never did, meet Churchill or the British General Staff in London or Paris. "Montgomery is the mountain," Churchill once said. "I go to him."

The Field Marshal can be very persuasive, and his influence on the Prime Minister was immense. It far surpassed that of any other British officer from the Chief of the Imperial General Staff on down, and was approached only by the influence of Field Marshal Sir John Dill, Mr. Churchill's military representative in Washington. Time and again our commanders would hear proposals from the Prime Minister which they had heard a few weeks earlier from Montgomery, frequently in the same words, always attributed to Montgomery and suggested by the Prime Minister as essentially valid because Montgomery was the source of the view.

One of the accomplishments which gained General Eisenhower such handsome respect on all sides was the amazingly skillful way in which he met this situation, whenever he and the other commanders differed with such proposals, and still retained the deep friendship and support of Churchill and Montgomery alike. "A miracle," a top British general described this to me. "Foch, alive today, never could have done it."

Because of this background I was extremely anxious to visit Field Marshal Montgomery in his remote trailer, see what had happened to him since the earlier years, and obtain the first exclusive interview with him during the battle for Germany.

The proper channel was to have the request come to him from the British side, and the proper man to make it was Sir Arthur Tedder.

Sir Arthur said that he would try anything once, and he sent what the British call a "signal" to Montgomery. The message itself might be a lesson to anyone who says the British have no sense of humor.

It read that an American newspaper friend of Sir Arthur's was with him now at Reims, insisting that Montgomery was not so bad as he was painted by other commanders the American had seen, and that while Sir Arthur had argued this point to the limit, insisting that Montgomery was as stubborn as a mule and had no sense of hospitality at all, the American, nevertheless, refused to be convinced. Therefore, Sir Arthur was sending this message to prove that Montgomery would not even receive an American newspaperman of the old El Alamein days, and he awaited confirmation of his statements in a hurry.

Field Marshal Montgomery replied that this message was only a sample of how stupid and wrong his good friend Tedder was about everything. It ended, "Send the man at once."

An R.A.F. plane took me first to Brussels and then forward to Montgomery's 21st Army Group front, setting me down on an ex-German jet fighter airdrome north of Hannover. Montgomery had a small British cub plane waiting there to carry me to him because his trailer was too far forward to have an operational landing field near by I had to come down on a short steel mat laid across a rooted up orchard and hidden by the surrounding trees.

The Field Marshal greeted me alone at his trailer in what he called his "working clothes:" light tan corduroy trousers, a loose brown sweater and his famous tam-o'-shanter beret. At fifty-seven, Britain's Number One war hero, who had fought the Germans in the great half-circle from the Nile to the gates of Berlin, seemed to have aged very little. He had the same bounce in his step on the German moors as in the desert and in the Italian mountains, the same twinkle in his grey-blue eyes, the same quick precision in his voice and manner.

The trailer itself was buried in a clump of trees and protected only by a few soldiers billeted in a barn. The Field Marshal had a tent pitched for me a few yards away. I slept there. We ate in

another camouflaged mess tent near by and there was other cover for Montgomery's personal aides, but there was no staff organization at hand. The senior commander of all British and Canadian forces on the Continent was running his battles alone by telephone from the war map inlaid on the trailer's wall—over a hundred miles forward of his staff and administrative headquarters.

The only other commander known to have operated permanently this way was the French general Henri Giraud, in the last war, and he was twice captured by the enemy in the process.

Fully conscious of the feelings of others about his isolation, his independence, and his general attitude, Montgomery's justification lay in his own ideas about how he should fight the war. He began with his version of the German position.

"The German," he said, "has not known for several years what to do. He has not put on a really first-class attack, including his Ardennes splurge, since El Alamein, in 1942. Even then, Rommel lost his nerve in the middle of the battle, and that was the end of him."

I asked the Field Marshal what tip-off he first had that Rommel had lost the victory touch in the desert, for it certainly was not apparent at the time.

"You sense many things in an enemy's actions as you watch him fight his battle against you," he replied, "but first, I sensed that Rommel was plugging up little holes in his positions with his reserves instead of concentrating his forces. Then, when he had several good opportunities to strike me, I saw that he was not taking advantage of them. I knew then that he was finished and I told Prime Minister Churchill that we would have our desert victory."

Then the Field Marshal got down to his explanation of his methods.

"Others may feel I always call for more than I need," he said, "and I can understand their reactions, for there is never enough to go around in war. But I simply insist that my logistic situation behind me—guns, tanks, troops and supplies—be fully adequate to accomplish the task in front of me. That is the way to save lives on

the battlefield—by spending steel and powder instead. When I reach my own objective, I do not change my plan, even if the road seems to be open before me. I stop and reorganize my forces. I would rather lose time than risk being caught off balance and in that way lose the initiative.

"Now, as to why you find me here. I do not want to become staff-minded, rear-echelon-minded. I want to be in a place where I can reflect alone in the battle atmosphere. I give every command verbally to each of my division commanders in the field, either in person or over the telephone—nothing in writing. I live in the battle with them and, therefore, I can do this.

"That is why I never go to Reims except in supreme necessity, why I never have been to Paris, and why I generally refuse to have visitors, except on the business of the battle. It is not because I do not enjoy seeing people, for I do. Distractions can get a commander out of the battle atmosphere, and if this happens to him it happens to his troops. Then victory has a habit of slipping away. Maybe I'm extreme about this, but that's the way it is so far as I am concerned."

The Field Marshal's utter sincerity, when you are alone with him and when he is not on public display, comes through to you and, so far as I am concerned, makes you feel more sympathetic to this controversial man.

In any case, the doughty Field Marshal is not worried.

"As I have stated many times to Eisenhower," he said, "I am willing to leave the verdict about me to history."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Crack-Up

ON THE MORNING of our final attack across the Rhine I was with General Patton. He said we would run free throughout the whole German defense area within forty-eight hours after daylight. He was right.

The way was open for the first crossing of the Rhine since Napoleon.

The Germans were in a dilemma. If they used such reserves as they had to protect the north German plains and ports from Montgomery, then Patton and Patch would be largely unopposed in the south, and Hodges might join that southern attack in the center. If they shifted their mobile reserves south, Montgomery would be unopposed in the north, and Hodges might join that northern attack in the center. If they shifted to the center, Montgomery and Patton and Patch would be largely unopposed in the north and south and could envelop them in the center.

During the second day after our 3:00 A.M. jump-off, I was rolling with Patton's spearhead tanks under a news blackout that prohibited any dispatches about the forces' location. We sped ten- and fifteen-mile stretches without contact with the enemy and with corridors of "encircled" Germans twenty miles deep on both sides. On that second night Patton confided to me that we were really not "encircling" the remaining German forces. We were just going through them.

Sometimes this meant moving in directions which seemed to have no meaning at all, thumping over tree-blocked roads in back-

woods, where we knew the presence or absence of the enemy only by the guesses of the silent plodders in the rear who a few hours before had scribbled blue lines on the map. The minute to minute problem was to avoid our share of the fantastic total of over one hundred million mines sown everywhere.

Sometimes we had straight runs, mile after mile on broad Reichsautobahn highways, rolling across green hills and around quiet villages, as though this were just the time and place to take a long ride through some of the most beautiful countryside in Europe. Then again we would hit a mine field and be in trouble before we knew it. Or we would stop suddenly where a bridge was out, and the engineers would get to work while our tanks tried to find some other way around.

Now and then there would be a German 88 or a Tiger tank wedged for protection behind a building out in some field and hitting us hard at a road crossing or as we came up over the top of a hill. That meant trouble, quick and sudden, and the only thing we could do was stop and try to get the range on the heavy gun before it hit any more of our vehicles than necessary, while we sent our wounded back fast as possible.

Here was a disguised German airfield, with fresh trenches dug by the Germans to make it useless when left—the trenches now being whitewashed in great crisscrosses by men from our spearhead column to show our own flyers that it was not safe to land there. The markings looked like the cement sidewalks of defunct and houseless suburban developments. There were relatively few large airfields like this in Germany. The Germans had constructed their most important bomber bases in France and the Low Countries, and moved the Luftwaffe forward. By the time they needed to base more of their planes in the homeland, it was too late.

Two miscellaneous villages stood beyond the field. They were about a mile apart, in a countryside as green as Ireland, their bright white stone houses reflected in a babbling brook, flowing to the Danube, that connected them through the meadows. One town was completely destroyed, its châlets a heap of meaningless rubble, and its people blown from the earth. The other did not

happen to have been touched. What chance of fate decided this? Flowers, color, life, and peace on the high balconies of one village. Rubble, death, and disaster all that was left of the life in the other.

Now a spattering of lovely lakes, shallow and emerald green, covered by wisps of light mist and sparkling in the sun. This was flat country, from which the Alps rose to the south as the Andes rise from the pampas beyond Mendoza in the Argentine, as suddenly and as vertically as Gibraltar rises from the sea.

In a devastated place every building, store, waterworks, gas plant, sanitary system, mine, refinery, factory, tunnel, railway yard, power station, milk shed or bandstand was twisted and bashed in. There wouldn't be a telephone or power line standing; not a light and not a sound at night. Great dynamos and other pieces of heavy machinery were crushed like broken eggshells, sometimes scattered hundreds of feet in the surrounding débris, burning or smoldering as we came forward. Such places—Cologne, Frankfurt, Düsseldorf, Mannheim, Bremen, Hamburg, Essen, the whole Ruhr and the Saar Valley—were as stricken as Pompeii.

But, outside the fantastically devastated areas, the country had changed surprisingly little since I had left in 1941. The civilians did not look nearly so changed as anyone might expect. The upkeep during the interval had been far better than I would have thought. Why Germany, even with all she stole, had not been bled white I do not know, but she had not. There was no doubt about that. If you looked at the bicycles, musical instruments, cellophane products, the household appliances, farm implements, baby buggies, billboards, movie houses, shops and barns, they were painted, polished, or oiled. You would not imagine this was the "tottering" Germany we had been hearing about at home ever since Pearl Harbor.

In great stretches west of the Rhine our spearhead's advance was so rapid and unresisted and so pronglike that the majority of smaller cities like Heidelberg stood practically untouched by the war. For instance, there was a large chemical factory on the outskirts of Heidelberg, bombed out, and the great red stone bridge over the Neckar was blown up, its tall arches curling in the cas-

cades, but you could see German life as it was lived in countless communities during the war, unchanged and in operation.

There was a small children's fair and a bright carrousel in the park along the river, and children were everywhere, pink-cheeked and ruddy. Having just been in the Balkans, Italy, England, France, Belgium, and Holland, a comparison was possible. At the end of the six war years the German people, as a whole, looked fully as well fed and clothed as the heroic men and women in the British Isles, a great deal better off than the French, Belgians, or Dutch, and overwhelmingly better off than the Italians.

The people's shoes were good—none wooden, as almost everywhere else in Europe. With normal rationing, and the killing off of livestock in the Low Countries, Germany had an actual surplus of leather.

The materials in their clothes were good. Germany had an immense stock pile of wool—a surplus—and tremendous quantities of cotton. A new wartime style—pantaloons—had struck the women since Pearl Harbor. They were wearing them at all ages, with blouses and bandannas. These were factory suits, but it was the same in the farming country.

You could go into any number of radio stores and find for sale sets which had long been barred from wartime production in the United States; not many, but they were there. You could get electric refrigerators, smothered in such gadgets as dial combination locks on the doors; electric irons, fluorescent bulbs, electric stoves bristling with chrome, a washing machine, an electric mangle, or an electric eye device to open the gate on your farm. The usual comment on such towns by our troops was that every time they turned around they saw some electric appliance they could not buy at home.

You could read the Berlin newspapers, which, until a few days before, were delivered to Heidelberg newsstands by airmail; or you could read *Volksgemeinschaft*, a fat, full-sized local daily—printed on good Swedish paper. Bicycles by the hundreds rolled down the streets, spic and span. Their tires were good, as were the tires on German trucks, automobiles, farm implements, and tractors.

By and large, food was scarce only in the cities, and this was due chiefly to lack of transportation. As in the last war, only many times intensified, Germany's main problem (with the exception of fats and oils) was not food production but distribution. This time, towards the end, distribution completely collapsed under our air power. But this made the supplies on farms, or in the towns throughout the farming areas that much larger. And this is what we found everywhere throughout Europe: surplus food for many on the farms, and little or nothing in the cities.

Towards the end of our spearhead's run I received a confidential inquiry from Henry McNulty of the United Press' Paris office, saying that a hush cable had come in from Ed Allen in the UP's New York headquarters asking for a verification of a rumor that General Patton had been killed and that a security blackout had been placed on the news.

I broke the news to General Patton that night. "You can print that I am not dead," he answered, "and that I do not propose to die at the convenience of Dr. Goebbels. This is the second time such a report has got well under way. During the fighting in the Bastogne Bulge, when I took the Third Army in on the counter-attack and a news blackout was applied in order to keep our movements under cover, the word percolated through to England and America that I had been killed. In the middle of the night one of the local newspapers telephoned Mrs. Patton at our farm in Hamilton, Massachusetts, and my daughter in Washington, asking for verification. The query was kept quiet, of course, but they had a bad night and day until General Searles in the War Department squashed the rumor to them privately.

"So, here it goes again, right in the middle of this attack. I have always had a hunch that I would die in battle, and when my time comes I hope I may die that way. But I am not dead yet, and I wish you would say I'm doing more thinking about fighting than dying. And when this is over, the thing I would rather have a chance to do than anything on earth is to go on a Jap hunt out east and help set those overstuffed monkeys on their heads in front

of the Imperial Palace. Meanwhile, the report that I am dead, like the report about Mark Twain, is exaggerated."

But the rumor went on in America. I filed this by courier to Paris, but the censors stopped it. There was a ninety-day stop in any direct quotations of General Patton on any subject.

General Patton was a peculiar man, but wonderful. Temperamentally he was an optimist in military affairs with the optimist's good opinion of himself, but he was a man of resource who loved his work and pictured himself in the middle of any battle every minute—a thoroughly competent and engaging soldier.

The pleasure of working may become so complete that it succeeds in replacing all other considerations, as the pleasure of battle command did in Patton.

In his efforts to imagine Paradise, there would certainly have entered in his mind no vision of a place where winged souls did little else but play harps and sing. Somebody would have had to shoot off a gun, and Patton would have had to give the order to pull the lanyard. The Paradise of the good gardener is a good garden; a good carpenter's Paradise is a good carpenter bench. Paradise for Patton was action on the battlefield.

He had boundless energy—which rushed from him in fits and starts—and it has been well said of him in the army that if you gave Patton a job to do he would get results almost before the ink on the commission was dry.

Idleness was the thing he most detested and at Hamilton, Massachusetts, on vacation, he spent his time either hewing a tree or riding horseback. Patton loved to stand in the large bow window of this house on top of the hill, separated by fields and belts of woodland from all other houses, and look out over the countryside and watch the sun go down beyond the long reaches of land. He loved all the seasons: the snows and bare woods of winter; the rush of growing things and the blossom spray of spring; the yellow grain, the ripening fruits and tasseled corn; and the deep, leafy shades of green turning brown and red and vermilion under the touch of Indian Summer.

"Fond as I am of army life," he told me, "there isn't any place

in the world for me like home, where things are our own, with our own associations, and where there is real country."

On the personal side, he was subject to strong spells of dejection—deep moroseness—but these were not the result of self-pity for his trials nor of any persecution complex when he felt that his intentions had been misunderstood.

They arose, it seemed to me, as a natural counterpart of his intense vitality, when expended, and a deep-seated feeling in his philosophical bones that mankind had covered only a little distance since the days of the apes.

Patton was really a very gentle man at heart; generous and immensely sentimental—and deeply moved by any signs of loyalty. When his army was taken from him after the Sicily slapping affair and six of his immediate staff requested "banishment" with him, Patton was touched to the quick. "They stuck with me against the whole world," he told me one night. "I was alone against the world." And then without any sense of contradiction, he went on to name numerous others to whom he felt indebted for support—with top emphasis on Secretary of War Stimson and Chief of Staff Marshall.

"How can you say you were alone then?" I asked.

"Well, I felt alone," he said, "which is the same thing as being alone so far as I am concerned. We live only in our minds anyway."

Patton was positive our thrusting column would not be cut off —and the answer is that it was not cut off. It was this boldness by Patton, backed to the limit by General Bradley, which let Patton inflict nearly 100,000 casualties on the Germans and take 140,000 prisoners while sustaining only 9,000 casualties throughout his sixty-day operation.

Von Rundstedt's final difficulty now was rooted in Hitler's published order directing that every mile of German ground west of the Rhine must be defended, and officially forbidding retreat across the river. Anyone "retiring" east of the Rhine without a special order from Hitler was subject to court-martial.

Parts of the Third Panzer Grenadier Division did struggle home-

ward across the river, but this was a case of do so or drown. General Devers' quickness and strategy was responsible for that.

Whether Von Rundstedt agreed with Der Führer or not, he kept Germany's fighting strength in the strip to the east, except for his final mobile reserves. General Patton showed me how this remaining strength was being frantically reshuffled again and again, while Hitler was scraping the bottom of the barrel—calling up men from sixteen to sixty into the *Volksturm* or Home Army, tossing together a hayfoot-strawfoot conglomeration of decrepit seamen from the German Navy, ground crews from the grounded Luftwaffe and anyone who could whittle a broomhandle—sacrificing them mercilessly as arm-banded substitutes to give his regular regiments time to be regrouped.

The only regular army organization which we found not tampered with in our sector was the First German Army. Transfers from this one organization were beyond any Party leader or regular army general and would have been against Hitler's orders. Why Hitler was saving this one regular organization intact none of our military leaders seemed to know. But he did so—until General Patton captured and destroyed it in one fell swoop.

In this operation I walked into the action with the files of infantry. I went in with Company B of the 98th Infantry Regiment, 20th Division. The outfit had been in a bivouac area southeast of Trier, and after we started forward this day a few of the men died at Zern.

I have not been able to find Zern on any ordinary map of Germany. Zern was not important for any reason and certainly not important for our victory. It took less than an hour to kill the village. But there were thousands of unnoticed Zerns all over the world in this war, and wherever men may die the place is important to those under fire. The road to Zern, the elbow curve where the road became the town's single street, the slope of the hill, the low edge of the water trough and each yellow stone of Zern's five or six houses was important to the handful of men I was with this day.

This morning the air was calm, the sky slightly veiled. I felt

the spring languor creeping over me, the spring air around me. This morning the song of the birds, the tranquil sunlight, the sweet scent of clover across the green fields, all rose around the spot from which we attacked; gay and fresh and wonderfully serene.

A clump of chestnut trees made a red splotch in the blue and limpid air, their glistening buds shining like flames at the curved ends of their branches. A swarm of bees circled them and then settled in the clover.

A fawn-colored cow, with eyes as soft and brown as a child's, was standing absolutely still, long unmilked and now abandoned to death on what would soon be a battlefield. As we walked forward, she looked round at us out of the corner of her lustrous mild eyes, and from her lips a long dribble of saliva trickled down to the ground. Then she buried her face in the soft green carpet of buds and flowers. How sweet a thing is a little simple enjoyment!

"Nice country around here," said a G.I. machine gunner, walking behind me. "My Pa has a cow like that back home in Ohio."

Our artillery was on both sides of the wide dirt road, distributed out in the flat fields without much cover, and we walked through the lanes of our guns. When we were well beyond them, they began shooting over our heads at high hills so far away that the grey puffs of smoke among the trees on the slopes in the distance seemed meaningless and even a waste of ammunition. The tight cluster of stone houses up the road was the only marker that meant anything to me, or apparently to anyone else. At least this was a location, and the place must have a name.

We were all walking along about thirty feet apart now in a single file. The communications man was out in front, unreeling his telephone wire from a spool and stringing it out behind us in a ditch. The soldier with the walkie-talkie trudged behind him and the rest of us followed in a line that extended back to the gruesome cluster of litter bearers in the rear who looked like the surgeons and stretcher men who stand around and make themselves felt at the start of a Spanish bull fight.

"That's called Zern," a corporal in front said to me over his

shoulder. "I think it's hot." "Hot," in the army, means the enemy has the place under fire.

He was the first man hit as we walked on. Something tore into his side and stopped him in his tracks. A long dribble of blood trickled along his arm and from his fingers to the ground. Then he fell forward, his face buried in the soft buds and flowers, dead.

That is how we knew we were under good enemy observation and that the Germans had the range to hit us when they wanted to as we came forward without cover. Otherwise, the only shells we heard were our own, coming from behind us.

The elbow of the road made the stubby street of the village into a dead-end corner, and an American half-truck mobile gun was on fire there right at the turn.

And when we got to the stone houses and went into one of them to get our bearings and see what was in our advance, we found that we had walked into trouble. The lieutenant in the basement was fit to be tied.

It seems that just around the elbow corner outside the house the road dropped down for a few hundred yards to a fair-sized stream and then sloped up again about the same distance to another place like Zern, called Thurgin, or something like that. Our combat engineers had found the bridge blown up and built another over the stream before daylight. The men in the first company of our battalion had crossed it and were now scattered on the upward slope under machine gun fire from the Germans. This fire was heavy and it was raking them on the ground.

A platoon of our tanks, four in this case, was following them across and these were supposed to knock out any fire such as this. But the edge of the new bridge proved too weak when the first tank started over. The tank was stalled now, and burning from a hit. It was useless itself and was blocking the other three tanks, as well as the little flow of infantry relief represented by our company.

The pause gave the Germans in Thurgin a chance to shoot more of our boys who turned out to have a rendezvous with destiny

when the planking of a makeshift bridge over a quiet little stream proved too weak and tied things up for fifteen minutes at a meaningless place called Zern.

The wounded were lying with the dead because the Germans were shooting our litter bearers when they stood up and walked over to get them. Then, as the blocking tank was hauled back and out of the way, and the guns of our other tanks got the range on the German fire, the Germans showed themselves, lifted their arms and came towards us to surrender. They were only trying to pick a good time to surrender anyway and take themselves out of the war as soon as there was any danger in fighting longer.

So thirty or more Germans came in, safe and comfortable. And a few Americans died at Zern.

Everyone knew it would be like this as Germany surrendered, but it was hard to swallow when you stood there and saw it happen. It was hard to keep from shooting those Germans as they came in, and if we had shot every one of them, it would have been all right with me.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Germans Know the Answers

WE WERE CAPTURING few officers with the German troops, for when German units' staffs saw the end in sight, they began to disappear from their rear. When their troops got onto this, many were breaking into twos and threes, and, instead of waiting to surrender, were beating their way to farms or to the nearest German village behind them. Any German house was good for a suit of civilian clothes, and thus such Supermen retired from the German army as fast as they could button a civilian vest.

Mingling with them was the moving mass of displaced personnel: Russians, French, Belgians, Poles, Lithuanians, Czechs, Yugoslavs, Hungarians, Roumanians, Dutch, Danes, Scandinavians—millions on millions in a vast hegira to their homelands from every sort of German confinement. The prisoners of Germanic Europe were on the road to freedom. There was tragedy in every footstep.

Foraging on the land, sometimes creating great disturbances but generally plodding quietly on, they walked in twos or tens, twenties or hundreds—men, women, and children trudging with settled faces, going forward like a great and straggling herd, as though some instinct were guiding them, when in reality, the only guide most of them had was to press as far back as possible from the battle area and from new threats by the German forces.

The French made the best record in quickly helping their own countrymen. De Gaulle hit hard, fast, and well on this immense, tragic problem. It's size? When we crossed the Rhine General Alphonse Pierre Juin, chief of the French General Staff, told me

that 2,500,000 Frenchmen still remained locked in Germany. His records showed the Germans still holding over 1,100,000 French soldiers as prisoners, nearly five years after their capture in 1940. An additional 900,000 Frenchmen were seized and taken away as laborers (only 50,000 of these were volunteers). In racial and political purges the Germans had deported from France into Germany 500,000 French men, women, and children. *Nearly fifteen per cent of France's adult male population was in Germany.*

Paris' Gare d'Orsay welcomed those who returned by the bas-relief of a woman with outstretched arms. Other bas-reliefs in the station illustrated France's promises to them; the second word under each slogan was *librement* (freely), and they read *jouer, travailler, parler, aimer, dormir, manger, boire,* and *respirer*—play, work, speak, love, sleep, eat, drink, and breathe.

Over a period of six years approximately 6,000,000 foreigners were imported into Germany. Some were volunteers, such as the 50,000 out of 2,500,000 French men and women, and 350,000 of the 700,000 Italians working in Hitler's jungle; but most of them simply were conscripted from their homes in France, Belgium, the Low Countries, Norway, Finland, Poland, Russia, and the Balkans. There were even some Mongolians, taken from southern Russia where they had been brought to grow cotton during Russia's first Four-year Plan.

Foreign laborers (the Germans never called them slave laborers) were housed in large asylumlike centers such as the high installations near Landstuhl, in Alsace; Crefel, near the Dutch border; Halle, near Munster; and other places like Rastatt that I visited in the south. You will notice these are pin points on the map, for Nazi Labor Camps were constructed mostly in blank open countrysides away from main cities.

A typical layout, usually on the crest of a hill, consisted of sixty or seventy large barrack-shaped brick buildings arranged around a center administration headquarters, according to a standard plan. The places were of modern construction, generally well maintained, clean, and sanitary, with wide paved streets and such ap-

pendages as a fire department, hospital, movie theater, and recreation grounds.

Hitler wanted his laborers to be healthy—and to work. This was not a humanitarian idea, or they never would have contrived the Horror Camps connected with them. But the Germans needed unfailing manpower, and reasonable treatment was the best assurance of it. They made a great deal of hullabaloo about the modernness of such so-called "Free Labor Camps," distributing illustrated booklets in labor centers elsewhere in Europe and in every way propagandizing the idea of "Come to Work In Germany."

Foreign workers were paid in German paper money, but they were given few ration coupons. Therefore, they could buy very little no matter how hard they worked; nor could they take their German currency out of Germany, if they were permitted to go home, a point omitted in Goebbels' literature.

Some were "farmed out" and lived with German families on something like a parole, but, the majority lived in the labor camps. Motor lorries and wagons took the men and women workers from the Labor Center to farms and factories within about a thirty-mile radius and returned them to the central location each night.

They always were under guard, and this is one way the Horror Camps were geared into the German power state, as they are likewise geared into the Russian power state in their important and terrible way.

No "profitless" industrialization can keep going without a large proportion of forced labor, and forced labor cannot be policed without the use of Penalty Camps to discipline workers in the planned economy. There are simply too many dissenters and nonconformists to be cooped up in local jails.

Accordingly, in the Fascist or Communist state, what else is there to do with the nonconformists?

Contrary to the statements of German civilians who now claim they were ignorant of the Horror Camps, the Nazis made no secret inside Germany about how terrible they were any more than the Communists did inside Russia. It was important to merchandise the idea to one and all, and especially to foreign workers, that if

any man or woman did not behave according to government standards he or she would suffer a life worse than death. The camps were used as clubs over all heads, partly for individual persecution but chiefly to maintain industrial production in an economy of compulsion. Much of their purpose would be lost if the terrors were kept secret. First at Kleine Glattbach, near Karlsruhe; then at Dachau near Munich; and Buchenwalde, near Frankfurt; and, finally, at Belsen, near Hannover, I saw the results displayed in the most terrible spectacles anyone could imagine. Only photographs could report on them to our free American people at home. It simply was not possible to give the picture in words.

I reached Belsen with Montgomery's 21st Army the day it was liberated. Belsen is where we captured the famous SS Commander Josef Kramer, and this is what we found as we broke through the barbed-wire enclosures:

Of the 60,000 people inside, 40,000 were alive, 20,000 were corpses. Twenty thousand corpses!

Covering ourselves with AL-63 disinfectant powder—removing the bodies from wooden sleeping shelves inside the barracks, from tangled heaps in the compounds, from ditches or piles of rubbish—we dug four deep pits at the south end of the enclosure, each pit forty yards long and twenty yards wide. By the end of the fourth day we had buried 5,000 twisted blue corpses in each pit.

The bodies of most victims were so thin that rigor mortis did not set in, and the figures dangled like marionettes and flapped their arms and legs and heads in grotesque horror. Thousands were so decomposed that we could lift them only with the scuttles of bulldozers, which scooped up the terrible mass of humanity and furrowed it into the ground.

In our burials, racing against typhus, we forced the German guards to help us. They did so with sublime indifference. Big-chested Irma Grese, unbelievably infamous and half mad, her fingers and mind covered with blood, her honey-colored hair brushed up and back in a chic pompadour and her blue eyes darting like a ferret's, led the Nazi women officials as head of the Woman's SS and assistant to Kramer. Her chief helpers were two

tall women wardens who told me their names were Herta Ehlert and Ilse Lithe. They would not carry out orders from us. They took orders only from Irma Grese or staccato-voiced Kramer.

The identity of each man, woman, or child we buried was shown only as the numeral tattooed on the left arm, and the Nazi guards had destroyed the records. Further, if we were going to stop the typhus, which was claiming nearly a thousand lives a day when we got there, we could not wait to do more than list the numbers on the 20,000 corpses we buried.

Of the 40,000 living—26,000 women, 4,000 children, and 10,000 men—the men were chiefly Russians and Poles. Among the women, about 15,500 were Hungarians, 7,500 Poles and 3,000 French, Belgians, Norwegians, Dutch, and Russians. We found no Americans or British there, none at any of the six Horror Camps I saw and, so far as I know, none were ever identified in any of the others.

How did these vast numbers of wretched souls get there?

The overwhelming number of people in these camps—and of the corpses in the photographs which shocked the civilized world—had been sent from the Free Labor Camps, charged by their guards with breaking some of the innumerable rules, or reported by a farmer or factory owner as anything from "lazy" to being a thief or a saboteur.

The Nazis' terrible formula for maintaining discipline among the 6,000,000 foreign workers (whom they constantly feared would revolt or go on slow-down strikes) was to threaten to remove them from their "easy" surroundings and send them to such places as Belsen.

For example, if someone were sent to Belsen for breaking a farmer's rake or being impertinent to a German foreman, he or she might be kept there and starved for six months and then sent back to the Labor Center where you had lived in order to show the other thousands there how well it paid them to behave. Generally, however, once they entered Belsen or other such places, they died.

Of course, most German concentration camps, like the Russian camps, operated long before the war, Buchenwalde as early as 1933.

The war simply filled, double-filled, and triple-filled them. Originally, the Germans followed certain loose classifications for the localities. Kleine Glattbach was generally specified for the confinement of French, Belgian and Dutch resistance movement prisoners. Dachau was chiefly for Jews, the large scale persecution of whom came so early that there were comparatively few Jews remaining in the camps when we reached them at the end of the war. Buchenwalde was generally for political prisoners, members of other governments, intellectuals, and religious nonconformists.

But as the war went on and Allied armies, advancing from both east and west, approached one site after another in France, Belgium, Holland, and Poland, the outlying camps were abandoned and the prisoners pressed into the already over-crowded camps in central Germany.

The population of Belsen, for instance, averaged 30,000 throughout a period of five years. From January 1 to April 1, 1945—in three months—it increased to 60,000, the number we found when we reached there. The photographs showing the terrible piles of corpses among the living in the boxcars on the siding were pictures of such transfers.

Yet the food supply was increased only a little, and no additional facilities, except sleeping shelves, were provided. The Germans knew, as anyone would know, that starvation must follow automatically. They stand indicted for the starvation of these men, women, and children on the basis of premeditatedly confining such numbers in this manner.

The prisoners were fed each day from twelve large, red vacuum kettles, housed in an open-sided shed near the center of the camp. Feeding took place once a day, beginning at 9:00 A.M. Those who could reach the kettles before the food gave out, received a piece of black bread and a cup of soup. I tasted the soup and simply could not swallow it. The old people, and the thousands who were too sick or weak to reach the line, or those who had to stand for three or four hours and then find nothing left, had no food at all.

The fantastic thinness of the thousands of corpses came from slow starvation.

Corpses by the hundreds showed the cannibalism to which some of the prisoners were driven by the hunger which whipped them. I saw where ears had been cut off, cheeks carved out, one jagged wound after another where livers, the flesh of arms or legs or thighs, and even entrails, had been hacked out to be eaten by the survivors.

Many of the dazed and crazed people had pieces of human flesh in their pockets, or mixed in cooking utensils where they hoped to cook it later.

Generally, the women were separated from the men. They were fenced off, and each sex had its own duties, its own routine—and its own dead. Belsen was typical. Each of the ramshackle barracks, facing on a street a mile long and separated by a narrow compound between them, held approximately 1,000 people. Their sleeping quarters were just shelves built in tiers from the floor to the ceiling, each shelf about twelve feet square and less than three feet above the one below it. From fifteen to twenty people lived on each shelf, with anything they could get, such as a blanket or bundles of old newspapers, packed in around them.

Except for eighteen spigots in the central building, there was no running water. There was not a single latrine of any kind in the entire camp for 60,000 people. The day we got there we built the first latrine ever built at Belsen.

Ten prisoners in each barracks (called Blocks) were Block Wardens. They were accountable to the Nazi guards for many duties, as air raid wardens might be accountable to the police in a city. Their duties included removal of the dead. They placed the bodies at the barracks door, where they were collected by a truck each afternoon and carted to the crematorium for burning. These crematoriums were not designed for, nor, so far as I could find out, used as torture chambers. They were for disposal, and no attempt was made to hide them—or to make a threat or a mystery out of them.

Over a five-year period, the cremations at Belsen averaged eighty a day, the crematorium operating six days a week on an eight-hour shift, two bodies at a time.

Guards awakened all inmates at three every morning. This was for the *Zahlappel*, the counting. All were marched to stand in front of their barracks, which became then the *Appelplatz*, or calling street. There they stood, in rain, hail, snow, or sleet—silent and at attention—until eight in the morning.

Many died each day during these frightful five hours, dropping where they stood. The others shuffled back to their shelves, or fell exhausted on the ground or asphalt of the compound, and perhaps lay there all day. They did no work—none at all—at Belsen, and only small jobs at Dachau, where there was a machine shop to occupy a few. The Horror Camps were built for confinement; not for work, but for punishment.

But, even so, terrible as the conditions were, the conditions we found on our arrival were a new high in horror. It goes without saying that no concentration camp could have been in operation eleven years with 20,000 corpses on the premises. This is what happened:

As our columns advanced and the Nazi guards received the news over the radio, they stole away. In every case there was a general exodus of the guards from the Horror Camps, beginning two to three weeks before we arrived. At Belsen, only twenty-nine Elite Guard henchmen and ten Nazi women guards remained. Belsen's SS Commandant, Kramer—he of the famous photograph showing the manacles we put on his ankles, sitting shoeless in a chair—was one of the few head men caught among all the camps in Germany.

As the guards went away and the camp facilities were unattended, the pumps stopped, the water stopped, the lighting stopped, the food stopped, the crematorium truck stopped coming for the bodies of those who died, and the crematorium itself ceased to function.

Discipline broke down completely. The men and women tore the inside fences down and 40,000 mixed together in the most awful days and nights of anguish, murder, theft, and abysmal degradation the mind can imagine.

Typhus soon set in. Death swept the camps. Most of the deaths

were caused by this typhus scourge at the end, feeding on starvation and the unbelievable filth.

Gizela Landesman, a pale little girl from Warsaw, Number 49004 at Belsen—who had been confined successively in Oswiecim, Poland, in Maidanek, near Lublin, Poland, and in Belsen since she was first seized when fourteen years old—lay asleep on her shelf in Block 10, next to a dead body. The triangle tattooed under the number on her arm showed that she was Jewish. The yellow, green, and blue patch on her dress indicated her homeland and the letters O.S.T. woven in it could be liberally translated "Less than vermin." When I woke her up I asked her why she let the corpse of the old man stay there, and why she did not remove it, she asked, in English, "To where?"

There were corpses everywhere, and if she removed this one, another would be there in its place in a matter of hours.

Your concept of human beings, or of life, never could be the same again if you had seen Belsen that day.

As for my own feelings while moving through a beaten Germany, after the emotions accumulated within me year by year, the thousand incidents of oppression and official arrogance which you wanted to strike out against in Hitler's jungle—the unspeakable cruelties, the strength and the poisons—there was something strange and wonderful and magnificently exhilarating in being there now and to be moving freely in these streets and towns with American troops, in American equipment, and under the American flag—headed for Berchtesgaden.

Sometimes I had to pinch myself when I saw a jeep named "Don't Fence Me In" standing on a corner, or a G.I. ball game going on in the cobblestone court of a Nazi barracks, or an American officer sitting quietly in the chancellor's chair at Heidelberg, where I had seen truth and culture descend further and further into oblivion as the Nazi years went on and as Hitler's bronze statue in the office cast its shadow through the character and intelligence of every professor who could remain enrolled.

No experience in my life ever can equal the feeling I had when

we broke this whole nation wide open and I saw the system I had known so long fall apart in front of my eyes.

As for the German people's attitude, you sensed an emotion of relief throughout the countryside and within the average town.

For the first time in six years a German knew that if he or she still had a house, it would always be there—tonight and tomorrow morning. If a German were alive, he might now expect to remain alive to the end of his natural days. In the distance and safety of our own country, it is nearly impossible to realize what the end of six years of such suspense can mean, no matter what the outcome.

What the Germans were showing was relief, not a true change in their attitude towards Germany or Hitler. The average German's pro-Ally sentiment was, and still is, about as pro-Ally as ours is pro-policeman when we get a parking ticket and try to talk the officer out of it.

Behind this emerged the fact that, once again, as after the last war, the Germans are everlastingly busy organizing sympathy for themselves. In such a role the German personality can exert a strong appeal—and they will continue to exert it night and day, around the clock.

Ask a German villager for directions, and he would treat you as though your jeep were a royal chariot. Go into a store, and the German customers usually stood aside while the clerk served an American. Ask to have your room cleaned and a team of women—smiling and hard-muscled—were there almost before you knew it.

There were anti-Nazi elements in Germany, of course, but they did not exist on any such scale as the Germans now pretend they existed.

Germans as a whole seem so hurt by accusations that they were a ruthless enemy that sometimes you would think America had violated Germany's neutrality.

Naturally, I talked with many kinds of Germans all over Germany—men and women, farmers and factory workers, housewives and soldiers, poor Germans and rich Germans, Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Alsatians—while they sat sullenly in évacué sheds out in the hills or came straggling back to the shells of their former houses

and stores, or gathered to talk amidst the rubble of factories and squares; in cities as dead as Pompeii, and in other cities as alive as Washington, D. C. Every hour on the hour, and everywhere, they solemnly protested that they had not wanted the 1939 war. How convincing they could sound. The poor, misled, misunderstood Germans! All I could think about was Germany in 1939 when, if you asked Germans about Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Low Countries, France, or England, you found that while they may have wanted whatever they wanted without war, they wished to conquer as long as their conquering lasted. But few Americans who saw them now had seen them then, and that was the pity.

The day Hitler's death was reported, a blond German woman, standing on the doorstep of her bombed-out house, was beaming and blowing kisses to us as we passed. I asked her when she had turned against her country's leadership. "When I learned of the terrible conditions in the concentration camps," she replied, with an odd grimace. Then she looked glum.

At first blush her statement sounded impressive, and it seemed to impress some of our G.I.'s standing near by. But what did it mean? Even if true, her statement was a tacit admission that she had been for the Nazis to the end. The Horror Camp revelations occurred only a few weeks before V-E Day.

A waiter in the Baden-Baden Casino, still wearing his long-tailed starch-fronted outfit as though there had always been peace and prosperity at this German resort, told me how glad he was to see the French occupation troops arrive. Now, any German who is glad to see French troops arrive any place is a strange German indeed. But the waiter thought such expressions would bring him better treatment, so he did not hesitate to spin his yarn of welcome to the Allies.

A postman in Frankfurt told some other newspapermen and myself that he had moments when "he did not want to deliver a letter because it had Hitler's picture on the stamp." But he admitted that he had been a Nazi Party Member for eleven years. "I had to be, you know," he said, "but not by choice." His son? Yes, he was a Party Member, too. He had joined three years ago. "The

Youth Movement was important," explained the father. "He couldn't help it."

But my interview with a famous industrialist at Essen was in many ways the most revealing. Here was the Teutonic mentality again—in the raw.

Edward Houdremont, hale and hearty, was managing director of the Krupp armament works.

Now, with Germany kaput, Herr Houdremont had his problems.

"This war is very sad for us here at Krupp's," he said, "for Mr. Krupp did not want to make armaments at all. In fact, we did not make armaments here. We were never your enemies. We only made what the government ordered."

Asked what the government might be expected to order from a concern so completely equipped for Germany's war, Herr Houdremont mentioned casually some production of armor plate, artillery, Luftwaffe bombs, and hulls for tanks.

Good Mr. Krupp (Herr Gustav Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach) and himself, however, to say nothing of all the little Krupps, would have preferred to make farm machinery and pleasure automobiles, he remarked, but the hard hand of coincidence kept falling on Krupp's and you know what that will do to anyone's intentions.

In the last war Kaiser Wilhelm owned a substantial interest in the firm, so, naturally, they could not help making armaments.

Next came Hitler, who kept giving them orders they could not politely refuse. And now what is the result? Essen was bombed twenty-eight times. The vast plants were a tangled mass of twisted steel and concrete.

"This," said Herr Houdremont, without batting an eye "is a deep misfortune for Mr. Krupp, for myself, and for the 50,000 workmen here."

In the long run, he maintained, with a decided show of animation, it would have been better if Allied bombers had not ruined this place.

We could have trusted Mr. Krupp and all the little Krupps to start making farm machinery as soon as possible—although they never have made any in Krupp's long history.

Then the Allies would have spared themselves any worry about the prosperity of these 50,000 Essen men and women now unemployed, Herr Houdremont implied. And America would not have to consider sending farm machinery to Germany to help the German's feed themselves, because Krupp would be making all the farm machinery needed.

Asked whether Hitler shared Mr. Krupp's views that the Allies were shortsighted and neglectful of their own interests in having block-busted Krupp's into oblivion, Herr Houdremont said he did not know Hitler's views.

"This concern," Herr Houdremont insisted, with a note of irritation in his voice, "was never controlled by the Nazis. It was a private concern. Krupp's made only what the German government ordered, no more, no less, and how can the Allies expect a peaceful Europe after they have bombed such great plants out of existence?"

Asked for his solution, the managing director shrugged and said he had none.

"Perhaps we will need loans from America to build up Krupp's again," he said. "Mr. Krupp is now paying the workmen out of his own pocket, you know, and that cannot go on forever."

Herr Houdremont said now is the time to forget the past and look to the future. Mr. Krupp and all the little Krupps hold no bitterness against anyone. They are ready to start rebuilding tomorrow. All they ask, Herr Houdremont stated, is America's helping hand.

"You would be surprised," he said, "how quickly we could get this place going again."

This is the kind of mentality the world is dealing with there.

Even so, it was not all milk and honey. As our occupation began to settle down, you heard the Germans' idea of truth every now and then; Germany had been right after all in going to war, some said, and her defeat itself proved it.

Consider an interview I had with the Nazi mayor of a small German town. He asked me not to use his name or tell the name of the place because he was coöperating with us, and since he had

heard that the Burgomaster of Aachen was murdered for collaborating with Americans, he had some fear of reprisals.

The town's population was 10,000. The bland-eyed little man, jug-eared and stocky, came to see General Devers when the General set up his command post there. The mayor stated that as we approached it was he who ordered his townspeople to hang out white flags, or anything white they could lay their hands on, as tokens of surrender, taking heed of General Eisenhower's radio broadcast guaranteeing that any domicile displaying a white cloth would not be molested. Here, as in many towns, the Germans had overdone their compliance a little. As soon as we hove in sight, most of them made their houses look like sailboats. They did not take any chances; bed sheets, pillow cases or towels out front, shirts and handkerchiefs on the beams, quilts flapping in the rear.

Folding his arms and looking warily at General Devers, the round little mayor explained that his official pronunciamento somehow made him responsible, as mayor, for the Americans' good behavior, and he had come to satisfy himself that the American commander was going to back him up. What guarantee could this Nazi make to his people?

General Devers told the German in no uncertain terms that hereafter it was our army that would issue any guarantee to the population and not a Nazi mayor. Devers said he was firing him at once as mayor, although the army might use him temporarily as long as tactically necessary. He knew mayors of German towns represented most of the remaining authority and that where some were ordering populations to resist—as at Ashauffenburg—unnecessary bloodshed was occurring. Our soldiers were being forced to shoot and kill men and women who were firing from alleys and windows in obedience to mayors' resistance orders.

After this meeting I went with the mayor to his house, sat in the dining room with him, and asked him to tell me what was what. I wanted to know how Nazi mayors still controlled the townspeople so completely.

He said he had been mayor for twenty-four years, or since 1921; he was elected twice, each term running ten years. Then, in 1941,

his election was carried over for the duration of the war by a decree from Nazi Party headquarters in Munich.

He distributed most government relief money, which was the root of his local influence, as it is in so many places in the world. "If they want anything," he said, "they must come to me."

He would not say he was a Nazi by choice, for few Germans were admitting that, although it was ridiculous to be so two-faced; but he did admit he joined the party in 1933 and, naturally, no one could remain burgomaster and have all the powers which went with this office unless he was an obedient Nazi.

Now, however, he told me he was glad the Nazis were out. To hear the Herr Burgomaster talk you would think he liked us better than he ever liked his own people—which was, on the face of it, preposterous.

The mayor, like so many others, nevertheless, said he thought Hitler was a "good man" who had Germany's interest at heart. Hitler had done the best he could, trying to help Germany against the attacks by Russia, England, and the United States. The trouble came from others, chiefly Goebbels, who were unworthy of Hitler's confidence and support. "Der Führer himself is not a bad man," was the universal idea. "It's those around him."

If, at a distance, we think we ever split the main body of the German people from Hitler, we are mistaken. The war itself, what we said, what we did, the suffering of the years and even defeat itself, to the very end did not create a cleavage between Hitler and the German people.

The mayor expressed it exactly. "Our young people," he said, "may not know why or how the last or this war came, but they had fathers or brothers killed in the last war, or they have lost everything, and they know it is terrible to have Germany beaten. What German would not rather die than have this happen again? If it was Hitler who led us, we had to make the best of our leaders just as you made the best of yours. We could expect no loyalty outside Germany. We can expect nothing from outside Germany. No one ever helps us who is not German. We Germans always must save ourselves by ourselves. Hitler tried. He failed, but he tried!

"Hitler always said Germany was being 'encircled' and that the freedom and lives of every man and woman in Germany were at stake. Germany wanted nothing that was not her due. But other countries wanted Germany.

"Hitler always said, did he not, that the long sacrifices he called on Germans to make before the war were necessary because Germany's enemies were so strong? The strength of Germany's enemies only proved how right Hitler was in his demands for sacrifice and privations. Perhaps if we German people had given up even more in those pre-war years we might have stood against the world after all—at least until Hitler's new secret weapons saved us from the massive weight of outside powers. Hitler always predicted the danger of invasion. Well, this is invasion. This is what Hitler tried to spare the German people."

Remembering that the German nature looks on power as a glory, that in their new weakness they will yearn for their old strength, and that an easy precedent for their future attitude is established by the French attitude towards the Man of Power who brought more sadness and pain to France than any Frenchman who ever lived—Napoleon—*the chances are overwhelming that in the long run the German people will end up making a martyr of Hitler.*

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Hitler's Last Days Alive

AT THE END, Hitler was running the war single-handed. Here is the great Führer—so great that he cannot leave his air-raid bunker in Berlin. He is trapped and snarling. His power state now is powered only by himself.

Hitler is driven to the ends of his earth—barking at the ants in his concrete cone, giving orders none could fulfill; trembling and shouting for hours on end and then sitting in absolute silence, as though frozen in his chair, while his world collapses around him.

As a reporter, my problem was to piece together the documented facts of the German collapse from within, assembling the mosaic from my interviews with captured German leaders, from the files of German Army and Air Force message centers we overran in our advance, and from every official Allied or enemy record that I could obtain.

In this attempt, during and after the final fighting, I benefited especially from a windfall. I was able to see transcriptions of German telephone conversations from besieged Berlin even while they were being conducted. In our advance beyond the Rhine, several of the American forces with which I traveled tapped numerous German military telephone lines and radio circuits. We put German-speaking American officers on the lines. Frequently, when the Germans, including Hitler, thought they were still issuing orders to a Nazi general they were really in contact with a boy from Brooklyn. Hitler communicated constantly from his air-raid shelter in Berlin. He was deciding everything, down to the disposition of

individual regiments, throughout the last days of his known life.

What was Hitler's physical and mental condition?

When they were captured, I interviewed Hitler's three chief medical attendants and put that question to each of them.

Hitler was not insane, each of his doctors told me, but they agreed that he was mentally and emotionally irresponsible at the end, *and that this had been true since the summer of 1944.*

In the Munich bomb-plot explosion of July 20, 1944, Hitler knew that only a slight misplacement of the General Staff brief case containing the bomb saved his life. The wooden table before which he was standing took the force of the burst in a miraculous way. By being hurled against the wall, he was saved when the ceiling fell. For days he repeated the words, "A miracle, a miracle!"

Both Hitler's eardrums were punctured. Wooden splinters filled his left leg, and he suffered a severe contusion of the right elbow. His ears healed in about three weeks, and his hearing was not impaired. His elbow joint healed. But a psychological resistance kept Hitler from believing that he could use his right arm effectively from the moment of the blast, and nothing his doctors could do or say ever overcame this.

Chubby Dr. Morrel, Hitler's personal physician, Dr. Gebhardt, Chief of the SS Medical Corps, and Dr. Stumpfegger, Hitler's surgeon, each told me that from July 20, 1944, Hitler suffered from tremors, most noticeable in his arm.

Early in 1945 he developed a stoop. Neither the tremors nor the stoop were true physical ailments. They were both psychological reactions. In the words of Dr. Morrel, they were: "Anxiety neurosis —a conversion hysteria." The explosion itself, and the fact that the attempt on his life and the elaborate plan to take over Germany was made by hundreds of army men whom he trusted, shook Hitler's psychological self in a manner from which he never recovered.

By common consent, on the statements of the three doctors, Hitler had three qualities seldom associated with his reputation; he was extremely trusting of those in his confidence, he was very "sentimental," and he, as an ex-corporal, took deep pride in his

apparent acceptance as a military man by the German professional military leaders.

Dr. Gebhardt pointed out that the July 20th affair hit all three of these pillars of his psychological self. He had trusted the men who were involved. Many of the ringleaders were among his "dearest friends." Professional army leaders were shown to regard him as an upstart corporal after all.

Hitler's new series of broodings, suspicions, and resentment set in immediately thereafter. It was in this period, of course, that he decreed the last ditch stand in the Reich which was his final sin against his people.

What is Boatman Hitler doing now as Niagara draws near and his boat starts its final plunge in the current of destruction?

This man who brought more pain and sorrow to the world than any man in all history is living and acting a fantastic role in a fantastic scene.

From the information I obtained from Göring when I interviewed him at the time he was captured, from my interviews with other German leaders who were detained at Augsburg and elsewhere, and from the German Military telephone intercepts and such seized records as have been given to me, this was the scene at the end:

The date is April 19, 1945. The Führer is holding his regular morning briefing. The place is his concrete cone in the garden of the Berlin Chancellery, which German officers call "the bunker." It is not underground. As the war progressed, most important German air-raid shelters were built above the surface, like forts. The walls of Hitler's shelter are ten feet thick. It is lined with armorplate. Architect Speer calls it "impregnable."

Wires and radio contact reach out from here to the secret location of the German High Command in a forester's house in the woods near Fürstenberg.

The people with Hitler in the Führerbunker are:

Colonel General Alfred Gustav Jodl, chief of the Chancellery and Chief of Staff of the Wehrmacht; Generals of Infantry Krebs and Burgdorf; Fieldmarshal von Greim (who succeeded Göring in

command of the Air Force in the last days of the war); Admiral Voss; General Koller, Göring's Chief of Air Staff; SS Gruppenführer Fegelein; SS Brigadeführer Rattenhuber; Major Freytag Loringhoven; Oberstleutnant Weiss; Boschafter Hebel; Reichsleiter Martin Bormann with an assistant from the Reichsleitung; Staatssekretar Naumann and adjutants, Von Bülow and Johannmeier; Dr. Goebbels with his wife and six children; Frau Christian, Frau Junge (Von Ribbentrop's sister); Frau Marzialis; Hanna Reitsch and Eva Braun.

Eva Braun had arrived at the Führerbunker only the day before, coming from Berchtesgaden in spite of Hitler's order to stay there "in safety." Hitler took aside one person after another to eulogize the girl's devotion as indicated by this act, contrasting it bitterly with those "false men" who were leaving, or proposing to leave, his side. "She is a blessing to Germany," he told Admiral Voss.

The Führer's briefing begins at nine-fifteen.

Colonel General Jodl is reporting to the Führer on the military situation, pointer in hand, maps of all fronts on the walls. As he finishes and salutes, Hitler speaks up.

Hitler says, "The Russians will not advance further."

Jodl replies. "My Führer, the Russians can be repulsed on the Oder for the first few days. But they have such quantities of troops and equipment that they can swamp our meager reserves by their reinforcements."

Hitler: "But the work of Combat Group Bluementritt is satisfactory, you will see. The Russians will suffer the bloodiest defeat imaginable in front of Berlin."

A great deal of excitement is created within the grey walls of the bunker by individual enemy artillery fire into the city of Berlin. Hitler tells his officers that a heavy battery is supposed to be shooting these shells. "But they cannot have brought artillery across the Oder," he says. "Perhaps it is a heavy German battery captured by the enemy and turned about." Then he contradicts himself. "The enemy (Russians) is supposed to have a railway bridge over the Oder. The Luftwaffe must immediately locate the bridge and combat the battery."

"There is no bridge," says Jodl.

"I do not believe you," Hitler replies.

After checking with Anti-Aircraft Operations at the Anti-Aircraft Division Battle Headquarters, Hitler finds that the Russian fire is coming from a position near Marzehn, twelve kilometers from the center of the city. Dickel, commanding Berlin's air defenses, telephones Hitler that his A.A. towers have counted 500 rounds from the Russian battery.

"Stop that gun yourself," says Hitler as he bangs down the telephone.

Hitler demands a sufficient supply of fuel for the Courland (Russian) pocket and for all Air Force units in the Berlin area. He might as well be ordering the sun to stand still. There is practically no fuel left and no way to get any.

Hitler turns to the "Knipfer matter," Air General Knipfer having been dismissed by him the previous day for failure to carry out his orders.

"Where is the swine now?" he asks General Koller, Chief of Air Staff under Göring. "What has been undertaken against Knipfer? Probably nothing."

Koller says, "I do not know what Knipfer is supposed to have done or what the charges against him are. As far as I know he has been dismissed."

Hitler replies: "He is probably even enjoying a pension now."

The debate continues. Hitler demands that Knipfer be no longer "covered up by Luftwaffe plots" and that he should perform active service with the SS. Then SS Gruppenführer Fegelein turns around from the wall map and suggests that Knipfer "be sent immediately to Dirbewanger's Brigade." Koller argues with Fegelein that this is scandalous treatment for a distinguished air general, that the Dirbewanger Brigade consists entirely of people on probation, some even criminals, that Knipfer has "done absolutely nothing wrong," and that, besides, he is over fifty and much too old for first line infantry combat service. Hitler ends the argument by ordering Knipfer sent to the Dirbewanger Brigade.

Himmler arrives. Hitler rises from the table, walks towards the

door of the shelter and goes into a long discussion with him. He turns suddenly, calls Koller, and issues an order:

"All the jet-fighter bombers are to be given to Rudel, who is to concentrate them under his command.

"The Luftwaffe works slowly," Hitler complains. "It takes its time. I expect immediate compliance with this order, not after several weeks. Rudel is a brilliant officer, brave, no other officer like him left." (Rudel is Himmler's pet.)

Koller replies: "My Führer, Rudel will have a difficult time in taking over the jet bombers because he is not familiar with them at all yet. He has never flown them. The flight technique is unknown to him, and precise knowledge is essential in order to maintain the operational efficiency. Rudel's ability and efficiency lie in an entirely different field."

Hitler cut Koller short. "It makes no difference whatever," he says. "During the last war there wasn't a pilot at the head of the Flying Corps. The leader was a general of the Infantry. The Luftwaffe has no general better qualified. Which Luftwaffe general can fly the Me.262? None. Rudel is a fine fellow, no clown or showman like so many others—just showmen."

Then Hitler continues in a tirade. (Transcribed verbatim from Koller's official notes.)

The Führer: "I read yesterday an order on the extension of the Luftwaffe ground organization which was left lying around the Air Ministry from December 20th to January 19th without attention. This shows how slovenly the Air Force Command is. You can have the number of the order if you want it, but nothing will happen anyway. The Luftwaffe is a lazy bunch; nobody does any work, with red tape everywhere. One or two Luftwaffe men will sooner or later have to be shot, and we'll have a quick change then."

Hitler is told by Goebbels that a director of the great Leuna synthetic plants "blew himself up along with his wife." "Senseless," he says, "a cowardly shirking of responsibility."

The District Leaders (Gauleiters) in the path of the American forces are reporting to the Führerbunker that townspeople are

hanging out white flags from their windows and surrendering in one place after another, in accord with General Eisenhower's radio instructions.

"Most of the white flags in the west are being hung out by foreigners," Hitler states to Reichsleiter Bormann. "The Germans are not doing that. The entire German people has only one thought in common—to fight to the end against destruction by the enemy."

April 20, 1945.

Göring comes to the bunker from the Air Ministry hideaway at Kürfurst and joins Hitler for the briefing.

This was Hitler's birthday.

Göring told me the word went around the bunker that Der Fuhrer preferred not to have the fact mentioned this morning. Age: 56.

The situation is catastrophic. The last road out of Berlin to the south is in danger of being cut off. A transfer to the south was planned and is being prepared, but this is the last chance to leave Berlin by road. In a few hours it will be impossible to make any large transfer of personnel and equipment by air.

Göring gives Hitler the reasons why:

(1) Lack of fuel in the Berlin zone.
(2) Further bombing of the last airfields will make it impossible to take off.
(3) Enemy night fighters would intercept the slow transports even at night, unless they can have an immense jet-fighter cover.

During the briefing Hitler finds that the jet-fighter fields from the west to the north of Berlin were completely destroyed on April 16th, four days ago, and still are not repaired. He challenges Göring about this and apparently does not want to understand that airfields—especially paved runways usually erected for jets—cannot be repaired overnight. Hitler makes a comparison with the railways, the tracks of which generally were repaired in Germany within a matter of hours after a raid.

Göring points out that the Todt Labor Service and not the Luftwaffe is responsible for the airfield repairs; he tells Hitler that everything possible is being done, that there are supposed to be 250 bomb craters on the landing strip at Oranienburg. This only increases Hitler's excitement, for Oranienburg had figured heavily in his evacuation plans. "You have failed me again at Oranienburg," he tells Göring. The Fieldmarshal makes no reply.

Hitler orders Reichsleiter Bormann to have representatives of the Nazi Party check the airfields to see what the Luftwaffe is doing. He winds up with another order: "All airfields must be repaired overnight."

At the close of the briefing Göring urges Hitler to allow him to transfer his Luftwaffe headquarters from the Berlin area to the south. Hitler agrees finally that Göring can move to Berchtesgaden. He gives him permission to leave Berlin in an automobile cavalcade that night.

Göring issues orders from the bunker that the Luftwaffe lorries are to be loaded for the 350-mile trip. He reduces his staff from 125 to fifty-five persons, leaving the rest behind. However, Göring remained in the bunker because of a Mosquito alert and did not get away until daylight.

Next to victory through Hitler's intuition, the greatest German myth of the war was that their highly publicized Redoubt Zone in South Germany and Austria ever existed as a heavily defended area.

The Germans made their last fight in Berlin because, collapsing as it was, there was, nevertheless, no other place to which they could retire.

Even when Hitler issued orders to disburse the troops into the south he directed that only combat troops and command staff were to go into the Tyrol. "All other units proceeding southward," his order read, "are to remain outside." How the combat troops were to fight without service of communication and supply the Führer did not say.

Actually, there were too many combat troops and obsolete rear echelon units there already. It was impossible to get them out.

There was sufficient food for only three weeks. The "Fortress Area" had no fortresses or guns. Not even the roads or the bridges were mined; as Tanner, Waters and I had found enroute the Eagle Nest.

The troops entering the Berchtesgaden area were completely unsuited for mountain warfare. They were for the most part mobile units and would be completely crippled (as they were) once the vital North-South valley roads and the East-West road in the Innsbruck-Lent valley had been destroyed by the Allied air forces.

The Alps themselves could easily have been defended for a while, of course, but only if everything had been prepared for this purpose. And nothing was prepared.

Southern Germany had not been fixed as the main alternative area until much later than generally supposed by the Allied Command at Reims. The question was not decided as to whether to make a final strategic deployment in the north (Berlin area) or the south, until the scattering of the large staffs of the German Command had to be ordered after we crossed the Rhine.

Nothing was available there for an influx of troops and personnel, even if they could have been transported. When the transfers were made, orders were given to occupy any unoccupied installations—but unoccupied installations were largely nonexistent.

Each incoming Supreme Command was required to find whatever accommodations it could locate within its own command zone. In the case of the German Air Force this meant the Supreme Command was looking for air force barracks, airfields, equipment parks, message centers and command posts which were not already destroyed or in use. Hitler's order was as useful as though he had told the Navy to take up new quarters in the Sahara Desert.

In the entire south, Gabersee, near Wasserburg, was found to be the only place where the rear echelon of the air force could install itself.

It moved into the former Kreis insane asylum. About 500 air officers and the Women Auxiliaries from Kurfurstel, at Wildpark-Werder, near Berlin, had arrived there and taken over.

But they were bombed out the next day.

April 21, 1945.

The Führer's briefing shows him that the American enemy is advancing from Lubben to Baruth and that American tanks are at Juterbog. Russian forces have infitrated Berlin's outskirts. The artillery fire is rapidly becoming a barrage. There have been eleven direct hits on the Chancellery during the night. The road to the south is closed.

Hitler again blames the Luftwaffe. He castigates Göring to Bormann for having "deserted me by leaving Berlin." He mentions a letter written by a Herr Rochling, a large industrialist. "The things he writes me about the Luftwaffe are enough for me. I can't remedy in a few months the mistakes in German Air Force armaments and administration made many years ago. The entire Luftwaffe command should have been hanged."

Hitler asks Jodl what troops are guarding Göring's estate, Karinhall. Jodl reports the strength: one battalion.

Hitler: "The battalion is immediately to be put at the disposal of SS Ober-Gruppenführer Steiner for an attack from the Eberswalde area to the south. Every available German must be used. All Air Force personnel in the northern zone who can be made at all available are to be placed at the disposal of Steiner and brought to him. Every air commanding officer who keeps personnel back will forfeit his life within five hours."

He tells Koller: "You yourself will guarantee with your own head that absolutely every Luftwaffe man possible is employed." But no one can locate ground commander Steiner. The orders go out from the Führerbunker without information as to his whereabouts. Therefore the orders are meaningless.

April 22, 1945.

Hitler breaks up his own briefing by a cascade of telephone calls from the bunker to determine whether Steiner has been found and whether the attack has been launched which is to "liberate Berlin."

General Detlevsen reports from Berlin's suburbs that Steiner "was last seen with the Spremberg group." The Operations Section of the Army says it dropped supplies over Spremberg during the preceding night but they were not picked up and Steiner's group is not

supposed to be there any more. The location of the whole group is unknown. Hitler orders Steiner shot on sight as a deserter.

General Pickart (General of the Flak) reports in person that he is back from a tour of all troops in the south. "The enemy air raid on the installations around the Berchtesgaden Berghof this morning was not particularly noticeable," Pickart tells Hitler, "The windows rattled and the noise was about the same as when there is heavy A.A. fire, so we did not realize that the Berghof was being attacked, but it could be seen from the Sportschule. The fact that there were only slight noise and blast (i.e. limited range) is probably due to the ridges which are interspersed in this mountainous district like the wings in a theater."

The W/T Report Center—Evaluation Office at Obersalzburg—promptly reverses Pickart's report.

Obersturmbannführer Dr. Frank gives the picture of Berchtesgaden to Hitler over the telephone from Salzburg: "Obersalzburg looks like a landscape on the moon. Göring's house is almost entirely gone. The Führer's châlet is half destroyed. Bormann's house destroyed. Almost all the houses hit, also many small farmers' houses in the vicinity. Slight damage to the Guest House." In the middle of the report an alert is sounded in Berchtesgaden. Enemy planes are over again. "We are entirely smashed here," says Dr. Frank.

At 4:30 P.M. Hitler calls a meeting in the conference room of the bunker. He closes it with the first statement of his personal plans, shaped by the events of this day. "If Berlin falls," he says, "I will die here."

April 23, 1945.

The Führer's briefing discloses the events in the Upper Danube. General Winter (General Staff, south) stands at the map and reports the situation in the Passau area. Flak I./12, anti-aircraft units converted to infantry, is enroute north from Italy and is now between Kufstein and Rosenheim. Winter says it can be sent to Passau "without any trouble" to support the regular infantry.

The defense of Passau is essential, Hitler agrees, because the separation of the Bohemian area from southern Germany would

cut off that major armament source. Hitler orders the Flak irregulars and the 2/SS Panzer Division from the Linz area to the Passau area. Without Hitler's knowledge, this order is cancelled by Jodl, during transmission through his General Staff headquarters, and the Panzer Division diverted to the Moravian area, toward Jihlava, to attack there.

Von Ribbentrop is at this briefing. On Von Ribbentrop's statement to British Army interrogators, this was his final parting with Hitler—although at the time Hitler did not know he was running away. Von Ribbentrop leaves the Führerbunker "with moist eyes." The diplomatic corps and most of his subordinates are at Gastein, but he does not go there. He trundles off to the secret location of the German High Command in the forest near Fürstenburg. A few days later he strikes out alone for himself—and ends up in the Hamburg dockside flophouse where eventually he was captured.

Himmler reports to the Führer that General Oberst Loerzer (one of Göring's best friends) has changed to civilian clothes at his command post and left his troops. "Loerzer," says Himmler, "along with Staatssekretar Kroner, discreetly disappeared in cars loaded with seventy-eight crates. He is supposed to have gone to the Tengelmann estate."

Gestapo Oberst von Grief telephones Hitler: "Heeresgruppe Mitte has objected to operations by K.G. 4 in the Berlin area, as ordered by the Führer."

Hitler: "The commanding general is sentenced to death."

Within twelve hours Hitler not only reversed this decision but appointed the officer commander of all armies in the southern zone.

"What can you do with a man like this?" says Jodl to Dr. Morrel.

"Nothing," says Dr. Morrel to Jodl.

After lunch Hitler moves over to where Bormann sits quietly at his writing desk. He speaks to Bormann in a low voice. Hitler has acquired a rasp in his throat, a short catching of breath as though he wanted to cough, but this is more noticeable when he is sitting quietly listening than when he talks.

A report from a minor echelon of the Luftwaffe breaks Hitler away from Bormann and brings him directly to the phone.

Knowing no other place to report, and with its communications to the Luftwaffe headquarters broken, Jagdverband Air Group 44 reports to the Führerbunker that it has ninety-five Messerschmitt Me.262's (jets) on its field at Munich in operational condition but can put only twenty-five in the air because of insufficient personnel.

Hitler: "Who allowed the aircraft to accumulate there? Kammler, Kammhuber, Sauer? Each will blame the other. But we will institute court-martial charges for sabotage against whoever is guilty."

The flabbergasted sub-lieutenant hangs up.

General Major Schultz communicates with the Führer by telephone. Hitler grabs the receiver from an adjutant's hand. "The Führer!" he shouts. Schultz has received an urgent report from Oberst. I. G. Hausser, Chief of Staff of Luftwaffenkdo 4 in Munich. Hensser is in Luftwaffe Communications Exchange Number 18 at Munich which he has occupied in order to put down a civilian revolt. He has sent the Gestapo to the Signals Section at Munich airfield. "The Kriesleiter of the Vocklabruck telephoned," Schulz states. "He has orders from his Gauleiter of the Upper Danube (Aigruber) that all Volksturm units and other armed persons are to be alerted immediately in order to cope with internal hostile measures. He requested that a Nazi staff officer be sent to him."

Hitler replies: "All those who are against Adolf Hitler are to be shot. No orders are to be carried out unless they bear the Führer's signature."

Hitler speaks of treason and failure everywhere, corruption among the leaders and among the troops. His face is chalk-white. His arm twitches, and he tries to hold it steady. "Nothing has been spared me," he says to Speer. "No allegiances are kept, no honor lived up to, no disappointments that I have not had, no betrayals that I have not experienced. Even the SS is telling me lies."

At midnight, swearing him to secrecy, Hitler discloses to Minister of Armaments Speer that he has "made all plans" for his

suicide and for the complete destruction of his body by burning. Apparently, unknown to Speer, he also tells Himmler, because Dr. Gebhardt, of Hitler's medical staff, informed me that on this evening Himmler sent him to Hitler in an attempt to persuade him to leave Berlin "for someplace—anyplace" before it was too late.

Hitler rejected this idea again, repeating to Gebhardt the same suicide arrangements for Eva Braun and himself that he had whispered to Speer. His mania was that his body "not fall into the hands of the Russians."

"I do not wish that even one of us falls to the Russians alive," Hitler says to Gebhardt, "nor do I wish our bodies to be found by them."

"Nothing recognizable must remain," he says. Then he closets himself in his bunker sleeping room for the rest of the night.

April 24, 1945.

At the Führer's briefing Hitler announces that he has dismissed Göring and ordered him arrested. He reads into the Führer briefing files the radio message he has sent, his reply to a message from Göring, and a second radio message to Göring at Berchtesgaden, to be delivered through the SS leader there, Dr. Frank, calling for Göring's arrest.

Hitler announces to the briefing that he is appointing in Göring's place as Supreme Commander of the Air Force, Generaloberst Ritter Von Griem, in command of the Luftflotte 6, H.Q. in Munich. He is Bormann's choice. Hitler promotes Von Griem to Feldmarshal.

Hitler summons Von Griem from Munich to the Führerbunker. While flying over the Grunewald section of the city in a small scout plane with a woman pilot (Hanna Reitsch) Von Griem was wounded in the leg by the fire of light weapons from Russian infantry. He reaches the bunker, however, and is present at the briefing.

"Being in the presence of the Führer and his strength is as a fountain of youth to me," says Von Griem, fawning on Hitler and Eva Braun. "I am braced by this."

"Do you know why I have called you?" Hitler asks Von Griem,

whose brow is covered with nervous sweat. "Because Hermann Göring has betrayed and deserted both me and his Fatherland. Behind my back he has established connection with the enemy. His action was cowardice. And against my orders he has gone to save himself at Berchtesgaden. *Prepare to rule in my place.*"

Von Griem takes this occasion to condemn Göring.

Keitel excuses himself from the briefing, pleading pressure of work and leaves the bunker, avoiding a discussion with Hitler of the events leading up to Göring's dismissal and arrest. On the way out Keitel tells Koller he considers this action "a grave mistake." "The Reichsmarshal Göring matter is an unfortunate business," he says.

The briefing is short. It is conducted, as usual, by Jodl. "The successes of the attacks of the 12th Army (to relieve Berlin) are being awaited," he says.

The 12th Army was in full retreat. Before the end of the briefing Jodl admitted it could not be located. There was not even wireless communication remaining with the forces in the north.

Hitler orders all aircraft remaining in Germany to protect Berlin. "This is the point of main effort," he announces. Von Griem passes this out as his first Order of the Day to all Luftwaffe units he can reach by radio from the bunker.

Hitler hears that the Erding radio station is proclaiming a "Free Bavaria." Himmler tells him elderly General Franz von Epp is supposed to be leading it. "He only went into the Party in a moment of disgust," states Himmler. "He never was to be trusted." But Von Epp had nothing to do with the affair.

Himmler reverses himself within half an hour. "During this morning," he tells Hitler, "Estermann came to the Town Commandant and told him that the "Free Bavaria" had been proclaimed. He said he desired to negotiate to avoid bloodshed. The Commandant tried to arrest this Estermann, but he escaped from the building." Hitler and Himmler argued as to how that was possible. In the discussion Himmler disclosed that Estermann was not only a Nazi Party member but also his own Gestapo agent in the Wasserburg area. He limited himself to a simple explanation,

"Estermann had been considered to be safe." Hitler made no reply.

Minister of Armaments (and Hitler's personal architect) Albert Speer reports to the Führer:

"Ministerialdirigent Dr. Steinmann has volunteered to let the front roll past him while he hides in a cellar. He has offered to go to the other side, that is, to the enemy, and attempt, on the basis of his connections with the Anglo-American technical world, to make it clear to the enemy what it would mean to America and England if the Russians captured the German scientific installations and the German engineers. Steinmann believes that he can succeed in convincing them of the German viewpoint of the necessity of 'Fighting the East.' Steinmann is a good German. How can we use him? Steinmann will go only if he has specific orders from you, my Führer, and he believes he will never get them."

Hitler: "What do you recommend?" (Speer was a great Hitler favorite although the son of an anti-Nazi Heidelberg professor of architecture.)

Speer: "Steinmann should do just as I have had my technical men do. I let the front run over them, kept them strictly together in the west, and now they are already working on reconstruction on the other side as they did for me. This is all in the interest of the German people after the war. But when this is broadcast by the 'Atlantic Station' (Allied radio), as has been done, then it's bad for me. Steinmann will not move without your approval."

Hitler: "The man is to do whatever you say."

April 25, 1945.

Hitler issues the last formal order of his life to the German commanders at the opening of the Führer's briefing, after having "composed it all night."

The order:

"1. The OKW (General Staff) is responsible to me for the continuation of all operations.

2. The OKW will be under my orders, which I will send through the Chief of the General Staff (Keitel) who is with me.

(a) The OKW with the assistance of Führungsstab B (General Winter) will be in command of the Heeresgruppen Sud and Mitte, Ob, Sudwest, Ob, Südöst, and Ob, West in the southern zone.

(b) And in direct command of the Wehrmacht: Befenhlshaber in Norway and Denmark, the Ob, Nordwest, the 12th Army, the Heeresgruppe Weichsel with the 9th Army, and the East Prussian and Courtland Armies in the northern zone.

3. The operational tasks of Führungsstab A under Grossadmiral Dönitz will not be carried out for the time being. (The German fleet was going to put to sea for a suicide attack on British ports and vessels.)

4. It will be the main task of the OKW to re-establish contact with Berlin on a wide front by attacking from the northwest, southwest and south with all available forces and means and with the greatest speed, *thus ending the Battle for Berlin victoriously.*

5. The Führungsgruppe of the Army General Staff and the Inspector-General for Armored Troops will come under the command of the Chief of the Wehrmacht's Führungsstab. The Army Quartermaster-General will become Quartermaster-General of the Armed Forces and will be subordinate to the OKW.

6. Orders for the Luftwaffe (the German Air Force) will follow."

Certifying this order and dispatching it to the four winds, Jodl then begins the Führer's briefing:

"My Führer," he says, "there are numerous fires in the area south and southwest in Berlin. No nightfighters appeared last night in spite of bright moonlight.

"The air movement controller believes that last night (April 24) was the last on which it was possible to reach Berlin. The latest planes were unable to make a landing. Over the city large columns of smoke make orientation almost impossible. All airfields are closed, even Gatow. Further, it is no longer possible to reach the inside of Berlin from Gatow.

"We are assembling our General Staff in Krampnitz. We are turning the 12th Army around to the east in order to attack the left flank of the 3rd Russian Guards Tank Army, no matter what

the Americans do along the Elbe. Such an heroic act might be the only possible way of proving to the others that we only want to fight against the Soviets. Feldermarshal Keitel is already on his way to Wenk (C. in C. of the 12th Army) in order to institute the necessary measures."

Jodl tells Hitler that there is not much time left to follow his (Hitler's) plan in turning the armies on the American-British-French front around and facing them against the Russians.

He states: "It will be necessary simultaneously to open negotiations with the Western Powers, otherwise they will follow our armies and roll over the staffs and supply services at our own rear, thus making it impossible to maintain any sort of control over the eastern front."

Elementary as it may seem, he spells this out in A-B-C fashion for the great Führer.

Jodl: "Our troops would finally be caught between our own two fronts and destroyed. The entire turn-about cannot be carried out without negotiations with the Western Powers and with their secret approval." Hitler does not say a word.

Jodl reports on a message from Italy.

"The enemy has broken through Vietinghoff's lines (Italy). If the break-through cannot be stopped, I have ordered the troops to be withdrawn behind the Ticino and the Po. I have acted independently because something must be done and orders must be given."

Hitler tells all in the bunker that this is the end. He states that he considers continuation of the war to be hopeless, but that he does not want to leave Berlin. "I will remain in the bunker and accept the consequences," he says.

Keitel, Jodl, Bormann, and Grossadmiral Dönitz (the latter by telephone) all attempt to change his mind. He cuts them off short and in cold fury.

Hitler has all the documents in the bunker brought into the Chancellery courtyard and burned. He orders Goebbels, Frau Goebbels, and their six children to come to him. He announces: "I cannot take part in the street fighting for physical reasons and, in

any case, I do not propose to go into the streets and be wounded or captured, and fall into the hands of the Russians. All of you who wish to are free to leave the Führerbunker. (As though leaving were possible!) When the last moment comes, those adults who remain are to kill their children and commit suicide."

In this way the death watch begins.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Göring Tells Me Some Things

WHEN FIELD MARSHAL GÖRING surrendered he was taken to Augsburg, a few miles north of Munich. I went to see him there. I found him as canny, if not so cocky, as at the Berlin Flying Club in August, 1939.

Göring was confined with numerous other German generals, two to a cottage, in a semicircle of workmen's small cottages adjoining a bombed factory on the outskirts of town. Each morning at ten-thirty they were all let out of their quarters and permitted twenty minutes' exercise in the large circle of high grass on which their doors faced.

Their keeper was an American major who had made a pet of a beautiful German police dog named Fritz. He kept the willing animal alert for any obstreperousness on the part of his former masters. "Watch them," the major would say to Fritz. "You never know what a German will do." Fritz would slowly wag his tail back and forth, as though he were swinging a poised club, sniff across the grass at the generals and fix his wonderful eyes on them as though to say, "Just try something."

The major also had a shrill little whistle, and when he blew it at ten-thirty, out would pop the generals. The exercise period began. Around and around the circle they pranced, some lean as beans, others as fat as toads and approximately as handsome; some stripped to the waist and walking in only their boots and belled-out breeches, some sporting the broad white leg-stripe of the German Air Force, others the red stripe of army leaders. A few

sauntered through the grass and weeds in slippers and pajamas, stopping every now and then to tone up their famous muscles by a few knee-bends, air-jabs, trunk-twists or chest-poundings, or just breaking into a dignified dogtrot for a while and then slowing down to a shuffle.

They walked in twos or threes, Göring included, and then when the major blew his whistle again at ten-fifty, they ambled back to their respective coops to live and walk another day.

I was standing waiting for Göring by the wooden gate of his cottage when he came in. When he saw me he broke into a hollow chuckle. Göring has a cruel, sensuous mouth which turns down in a way not apparent in most photographs, and I was struck instantly by this on seeing him again.

"Hello, here," he said, and then he paused as though waiting for me to ask him something—as though he were picking up a conversation which might have been interrupted for six seconds by a Flying Club waiter instead of for six years by a war.

Göring, surprisingly enough, thought that he was going to be tortured after he surrendered. Further, he believed that in the end he would be hanged or shot. Yet he came into our hands meek as a lamb.

Göring told me that when he said good-by to Hitler and left the Führerbunker in Berlin, after the Mosquito alert on April 22, he traveled south to Berchtesgaden by way of Brandenberg, Belzig, Wittenberg, and Dresden. No way was open for his automobile cavalcade to go more directly.

On reaching Berchtesgaden and driving into the courtyard of his house on the hill, he said that he saw six cars parked there, facing the gate. Göring recognized them as SS cars. On the way to his door he looked into them. Each contained a driver and two armed men. But the SS had not occupied his house. Göring browbeat SS leader, Dr. Frank, working under Bormann's orders on the Berchtesgaden hill, to send them away—"off my property."

"The next day," he said, "General Koller, my Chief of Air Staff, came to me from the bunker in Berlin."

Young Von Brauschitsch was still with Göring, as he had been at

the Flying Club, in 1939, waiting on him hand and foot. Reichsleiter Buhler also was present.

According to Göring, Koller, and the others, this is what was happening in Berchtesgaden—timed to the events in Hitler's bunker:

It is high noon, April 23, 1945.

Koller tells his chief that General Christian had reported to him by telephone from the Führerbunker that preparations for the death watch were on. Koller had confirmed the situation in the bunker through Fieldmarshal Jodl.

Göring shows slight emotion. "This has been coming, just like this, for a long time," he says. But he states to Koller that Hitler's determination to remain in Berlin and commit suicide finds him in a difficult position. He reflects on what arrangements to make and "where his duty lies."

Göring asks gaunt, dyspeptic Reichsminister Hans Lammers, a top Nazi legal official, to come over from his house and join him. He also advises Muller, Bormann's personal representative at Berchtesgaden, regarding Hitler's decision to stay—and to die—in Berlin.

Göring has a copy of Hitler's own law dealing with Hitler's successors brought to him from a tin box. He rereads it to himself and then to Koller and Lammers.

The law clearly provides that should the Führer be prevented from or unable to carry out his duties "for any reason whatever," Göring is to become his deputy or his successor, as the case may be, "with all powers of State, the Armed Forces, and the Party."

Answering Göring's repeated question, Lammers confirms several times that "the text has legal power, is valid and is in force."

Göring asks him whether Hitler might not have issued other orders in the interval since the law was published on June 29, 1941. He cautions Lammers also to keep in mind that a plot exists on the part of Bormann to do away with him (Göring) and make himself Hitler's deputy or successor.

Lammers answers: "No! If the Führer had ever issued any other

law, it would under all circumstances have been brought to my notice."

Koller tells Göring that a route is still open between Berchtesgaden and the Führerbunker, by road, although Berlin is closed out by air. Koller reports, "There is still a line of communication by the Avus, via Potsdam. But this will be shut off, too. According to a late report from Major Gross since I left the bunker ten hours ago, the Staaken airfield was being shelled by Russian artillery from the north, and the Russians are supposed to have penetrated to the Alexander Platz. It may be too late now, but if you want to be entirely on the safe side, I suggest that you send the Führer a radiogram and ask him what to do."

All present approve this suggestion. Göring first dictates a message himself, but it is so long that Koller tells him it would be impossible to get the message through by wireless.

Göring tells Von Brauchitsch and Koller to compose a message of their own. He signs it and tells Koller to send it. At the last moment Göring makes some additions. Finally this is what he sends:

"My Führer, as you have decided to remain in Berlin and defend the city, have I your permission to take charge of all the affairs of the Reich, with all powers at home and abroad, in accordance with the Law of 29 June, 1941? If I have received no reply by 2200 hours (10:00 P.M., April 23), I will assume that you are no longer free to act, and I will then act to the best of my ability. I cannot put in words my feelings in this, the most difficult hour of my life. May God protect you, and I hope that you will still leave Berlin and join us here."

Göring sends other telegrams: to Keitel, Von Ribbentrop, Von Below. He directs Von Below, an Air Force adjutant who is in the Führerbunker, to see that his actual message to Hitler is delivered personally.

He asks Keitel and Von Ribbentrop to join him at Berchtesgaden the next day (April 24) unless they receive other orders from him or from Hitler.

He informs Bormann, his rival, of his wireless to Hitler.

Göring considers what measures to take first as he prepares to slip into Hitler's shoes, assuming that he receives an affirmative reply or no reply from the Führerbunker. He decides to appeal to the armed forces and to the nation. "But what can I ask them to do?" He decides which ministers he will replace, "above all the Minister of Foreign Affairs (Von Ribbentrop)."

An air alert sounds and Göring goes into his house's shelter. The room is very small, with orderlies, officers, servant girls, SS guards, Göring's wife and daughter, all crowded together. Göring storms at the lack of personal preparations and the absence of any sanitary facilities whatever.

He asks young Von Brauschitsch how soon Swedish Count Bernadotte can be brought to Berchtesgaden in anticipation of sending him to see General Eisenhower. Göring is determined to open negotiations with the western powers immediately.

He says to Lammers: "You know my name still has a good ring abroad. I am the most popular leading German in the eyes of the world, particularly the United States." He tells Koller: "I am willing to fly to Eisenhower myself at once, should it be necessary."

Meanwhile, Göring orders a guard closed in around his house. He gets a thousand men from the 4th Luftflotte unit near Salzburg and a hundred more from the 10th Paratroop Division. Young Von Brauschitsch gathers fifty additional paratroopers from the Passau area. Göring considers himself to be Germany's Führer now.

At eleven o'clock that night the blow falls.

"A calamity," Göring told me.

A radio reply arrives from the Berlin bunker. SS Obersturmführer Bredow (whom he had never met) bears it, politely and apologetically. He carries Hitler's second message as well, relayed to Göring through Dr. Frank. He delivers the reply at one moment, and in the next moment hands him the message of arrest. Hitler's reply—the "calamity"—reads:

"I will personally decide when the Law of 29 June, 1941, will come to force. I am still free to act, and I forbid you to take any steps in the direction you have indicated."

The arrest message reads:

"Your actions are punishable by the death sentence. Because of your valuable services in the past, I will refrain from instituting proceedings if you will voluntarily relinquish all your offices and titles. Otherwise, other steps will be taken."

Göring passes off both messages as part of a plot. "Bormann sent them," he says, "not the Führer." But there is nothing he can do now, except use force. This is not feasible for the SS have closed in around him. Von Brauschitsch, Lammers, and Buhler are arrested at the same time. So is Koller, although Koller later is freed on word from Keitel to Hitler that "Koller was not involved in the Berchtesgaden plot to seize the power from you."

Koller attempts to defend Göring to Hitler, through Keitel, and to obtain his release.

Koller to Keitel: "I can understand why he did not stay in the bunker on April 22nd. He hadn't a single friend there except the Führer; he had only enemies all around him, men who, instead of helping him, had fought him and the Luftwaffe for the past two years. Moreover, what would happen to us if all those who were responsible for the conduct of the war were to lock ourselves up in a bunker? It is not for me to defend the Reichsmarschal (Göring). He has too many faults for that, and he has made life difficult for me; treated me much too badly, with threats of court-martial and with death for no reason, and he has threatened to shoot my Air Staff officers in front of the assembled General Staff. In spite of all this, I cannot change or falsify the facts of what happened on April 22nd in his leaving Berlin. The Reichsmarschal has done nothing that the Führer would consider treason."

The plea, of which Koller impressed me as being excessively proud, was a waste of breath.

Göring is taken under guard to the SS barracks at Mauterndorf. Von Brauschitsch goes with him.

Göring sends a message to Koller through General Pickard, who remains loyal to him, by whispering to Pickard as he gets into the SS car: "Tell Koller to act now. A general should be sent to Eisen-

hower to make it possible to have a man-to-man, shoulder-to-shoulder talk—a talk that would not be binding. Something may be achieved in this way to save my life for a while. Have Koller get Kesselring to help him."

Pickard passes the word on to Koller at once. But Koller cannot locate Kesselring for two days, and Göring writes Koller off as a traitor.

Koller, however, is busy in other quarters. He contacts Von Griem, Göring's successor as air chief, to find out which way the wind is blowing in Berlin about Göring.

Von Griem tells him that Hitler considered Göring's wireless message to be an ultimatum in an attempt to seize power. "But," he says, "that alone was not as decisive as the fact that documents that the Führer received showed that the Reichsmarschal was supposed to have started negotiations for peace with the enemy countries six months ago."

I asked Göring about this.

"The Führer was purposely given false information—probably by Bormann," he replied. "It is true that I was approached in this matter," he said, "and that I considered it proper to take all steps that could lead to peace. But after I told this to the Führer, he strictly forbade me to take any steps. I knew better than to proceed."

It is now April 25. The death watch in the Berlin bunker has begun.

Göring, listening constantly to the radio in the detention house at Mauterndorf, notices that "Bormann is sending only messages of hate over the air." Brigadeführer Rhode, chief of staff of the Reichsführer SS in the southern zone, slips him an intercept of a wireless message from Bormann to Dr. Frank and his men on the Berchtesgaden hill: "The situation in Berlin is deteriorating. If we should fail, you will be responsible, with your honor, your lives, and the lives of your families, that the traitors (all German leaders who left Berlin) of April 23rd are liquidated without exception."

Bormann ends the message with his last recorded words: "Göring is a traitor and must die."

But now Bormann himself has disappeared, and the SS in Berchtesgaden and Mauterndorf cannot communicate with him. Not knowing what to do, the SS does nothing.

Göring, "condemned" but thoroughly alive, also does nothing as the days pass and the world is told that Hitler is dead.

On May 5th, confident that Hitler is dead, Koller finally considers it safe enough to get down to cases with Kesselring in behalf of Göring. Kesselring orders Göring's release (informing the Mauterndorf Commandant in advance by telephone) later that afternoon.

The first thing Göring does with his freedom is to order troops "for personal protection for the Reichsmarschal (himself)."

At one-forty-five the next afternoon, May 6th, Göring learns that an "armistice" (that is the word he used to me, not surrender) is to be signed with all Allied Powers at two that afternoon, German summer time. The first knowledge he has of this is fifteen minutes before the event.

He does not know whether the terms will include a line of demarcation between the American-British and French on one hand and the Russians on the other. In any case, he does not know on which side of such line his present location would be.

Göring believes that, pending the Reims surrender negotiations, the German High Command has proceeded to the Command Train Brandenburg. He thinks they have boarded the armored train, had it pulled into the Radstatter Tauern tunnel and are sitting there in hiding, waiting to learn from General Fortsch (on his return from Reims) where they have to go to keep away from the Russian zone and how to get to the American lines.

Von Brauschitsch sets out at once to locate the nearest American Army command post, bearing a letter of personal surrender from Göring to General Eisenhower. From a farm outside Salzburg he calls over the public telephone system to the main hotel, assuming that it may now be occupied by American troops. He is right. Our General Stack is there, and Göring's surrender is arranged through him.

General Stack with thirty American soldiers, arrives to meet Göring at Fischorn, on the south bank of Lake Zeller. Koller is on hand, breathless for fear he would miss being captured. But Göring is not there. He has thought matters over and suddenly decided to remain at Mauterndorf. General Stack tells Koller to produce Göring immediately. Koller tells Göring by telephone: "Come, my leader, come here quick."

Göring at last makes the long-planned start to captivity. But as his motor cavalcade travels towards Fischorn, he gets caught in a traffic jam piled behind a half-destroyed road block. Hours pass, until finally General Stack himself goes out and rescues Göring from the traffic jam.

Göring, disarmed but not handcuffed, is put into the back seat of a tiny L-5, a U. S. army puddlejumper in which anyone could easily hit the pilot over the head or touch a match to the fabric. But Göring did not make the slightest move towards resistance or suicide. All he said to the pilot was what he said to me at Augsburg: "I'll be out of all this before long."

So now we stood inside the low wooden fence in front of his cottage, he with his legs apart and his feet planted firmly. The tunic of his pearl-grey uniform was open, his shirt was wet with perspiration, and he was puffing like a porpoise.

Göring's face was flat and round, and his jowls were flabby. His blue eyes were hard as flint—small and sharp and luminous against his sallow skin, like bright blue spots gleaming on a china plate. His hands were pudgy, and his knuckles had little dimples on them like a baby's. His blond hair grew down in the back in a "widow's peak," pointing like an omen to the place where our rope might some day fit around his neck.

The American newspapers had never done him justice from the beginning, he said. "You newspapermen in Berlin never understood me," he remarked, "never understood me at all."

Then, as though still musing, he looked out at the grass ring. "We have been so busy for all these years," he said. "It is hard to be idle now."

That is the best measure I can give you of the German leader's regrets. His original theme to me when captured, later changed, was to put all blame on the Führer and bark out the idea of good riddance to bad rubbish. He referred again and again to his final break with Hitler on April 22, 1945. But wasn't this a little late? For over twenty years, year in and year out, Göring had stood—smiling, suave, utterly ruthless and immensely enriched—at Hitler's elbow. Until his own skin was endangered, Hitler did not disturb him so much that he refused to accept the designation as Deputy Führer.

The same things happened after the last war. Germans everywhere pointed to an egotistical War Lord and his Prussian crowd, just as they point now to Hitler and his Nazi crowd. The Germans disavowed the War Lord Kaiser, and by implication this whitewashed the German people, who would have ruled the world like cocks-o'-the-walk if their Kaiser or their Hitler had won.

I asked Göring whether he, like the other German leaders I had seen, remained convinced that Hitler was dead.

"I am completely sure," he stated, "that Hitler is dead." And I am confident that Göring meant what he said.

Göring said Colonel General Alfred Gustav Jodl, Chief of the Chancellery and Chief of Staff of the Wehrmacht, was Hitler's closest military associate during the last year of war, and that it was Jodl who finally convinced Hitler that the war was lost. I asked about Himmler, of whose suicide he had just heard that morning.

"Himmler could not convince Hitler about the war," he said. "Himmler carried out the orders which were given him. He, too, realized *in the latter month* that the orders given him could not be carried out, as it was too late.

"Himmler had charge of replacement designations," he said, "and from the time he took over, in 1944, his influence was felt at the roots. He sent young classes coming of military age into the Party-controlled SS ground units, with the result that the Air Force and the regular army had to be satisfied with average recruits, after the best incoming men were screened out, and with soldiers previously discharged as disabled but now called back.

"I opposed this in my Air Force. The effort got me no place. In late 1944, I created a German Air Force Pool to obtain new recruits and to try to keep grounded men together in the paratroop divisions which were fighting as infantry. But it was hopeless."

Göring had in his papers the regrouping career of what he claimed to be a typical regular army division, the 277th Volkesgrenadier Infantry. According to Göring's records, here is what happened to it "in only the three days from March 6th to its destruction by your forces."

On March 5th, the 277th was the best remaining division of the Germans' LXVII Corps, General Hitzfield commanding. It stood east of the Rhine at Zingheim, Nattersheim, and Schmidtheim.

On March 6th, losses from American attacks on other German units cost the 277th the transfer of three crack battalions from its 989th and 990th regiments, as well as all elements that had been given it from another division, the 89th Infantry.

On March 7th, after this reshuffling was completed, American spearhead forces cut the remaining units of the 277th in two.

On March 8th, the separated halves got lost trying to retreat to Spessart.

On March 8th, by dawn, both were out of gasoline. They were unable to communicate with each other, with their own artillery, or with any headquarters. That evening, near Dumplefeld, gunners in the artillery regiments blew their pieces. The next morning, when approached by American forces, all remaining sections of what, three days earlier, had been the crack 277th simply fell apart.

As Göring fingered the sheets of these papers, you would gather that all this was Himmler's fault, and the fault of the poor military advice Himmler gave Hitler.

"I told them," Göring said, again and again. "I told them what would happen."

I asked Göring when it was that he realized the war was lost.

"Very shortly after your invasion (of France) and when the Russians made the break-through in the eastern defenses. From that time things began to look bad and soon became so bad that I

realized the war could be lost, but always hoped that we could come out from under with our new weapons."

The "invasion" of France, D-Day, was not until June, 1944.

"Did you tell Hitler Germany had lost the war?" I asked.

"*Ja*," he replied, "I did."

"When," I asked.

"In the summer of 1944. Several military people pointed out to Hitler in 1944 that the war could be lost from a military point of view."

"What did he say?"

"Hitler's reactions were absolutely negative, and later, talk about this possibility was prohibited."

"Who prohibited it?" I asked.

"Hitler did. He refused to accept this point of view until April 22nd (1945)."

"When was it prohibited?"

"When people first began to mention it, about the middle of 1944."

In 1939, I had asked Göring to what he attributed Hitler's main talent. He said then, unhesitatingly: "To his *fingerspitzgefühl*": Tip-of-the-finger-feeling, his quick grasp of chances unforeseen. So now I asked Göring what had happened to Hitler's tip-of-the-finger-feeling.

He paused as though he could hear the ax descend on the Führer's digit. "He lost it," he said.

In respect to weapons on the air side, his specialty, and he was good at it, Göring said that the V-1 aerial buzz-bomb was "completely under the control of the Air Corps," but V-2 was not, it having been developed separately by an ordnance branch of the Army's artillery section, and that after tests proved successful it was turned over to the German High Command. He told me that when this happened the V-2 was a complete surprise to him. He said that he "never liked it as well" as his own V-1.

We found that his Air Force still had thousands of airplanes over Germany, never used. He said this was not due to a shortage of new pilots but to lack of gasoline with which to train recruits, and

to our bombing so many training centers and operational airports. "Gasoline, you know, gasoline. Every day gasoline."

I reminded him that we found the same condition when we advanced across the desert in Egypt, in 1942—plenty of German planes but few in the air. He had stopped smiling now, and just shook his head.

Then Göring spoke for the balance of my interview, although I found myself unable to get it past the censors abroad because an overall wartime stop was placed on any statements by captured enemy leaders.

He described the basic reasons for Germany's defeat, featuring the weakness of his own Air Force.

Göring's views were summarized by Koller, his Chief of Staff, as follows:

"There are many reasons why Germany lost the war; political, economic, and military reasons, which were our own fault. None of these reasons was decisive in itself, nor were they together decisive. Had they been avoided, a more favorable development of the situation might have been possible. Quite apart from them, what was decisive itself was the loss of German air supremacy.

"The campaigns in Poland, Holland, Belgium, and France, and last but not least, in Norway, had proved unequivocally how important air supremacy is in modern war. But instead of radically drawing the proper conclusions, the German High Command forgot the historical facts as soon as possible and covered with glory branches of the service which had played a less than moderate part in gaining the victories.

"It was not Germany—who showed what superior air forces and skill in leading them mean—who learned the lesson. It was you who drew the proper and logical conclusions and with an iron tenacity built up a superior air force which alone could lead you to victory.

"As long as we had air supremacy, nobody interfered with our shipping in the North Sea along the German coast, and from Holland to Brest, Bordeaux, and Spain. The English fleet did not show itself. No noticeable traffic dared to enter the Channel. They often

hardly dared to go into the southern part of the Irish Sea. Everything was forced to the far north.

"As long as we had air supremacy, nobody threatened our industries or the peaceful life of our homeland. Our lines of communication in the Mediterranean were not interfered with. If our air supremacy had been kept up right from the beginning and at the cost of other armament programs, we would not have been defeated in Africa or in the Mediterranean area.

"German air supremacy—and we would have been able to maintain a capable industry and intact lines of communication. German air supremacy—and England's supplies would have been badly damaged before she could have built up her maximum war production. German air supremacy—and the massed concentration of strong air forces in England would not have been as easy as it was. German air supremacy—and there would have been no Allied invasion, or it would have been turned back with the loss of much blood.

"But the political leadership in Germany, in its shortsightedness and in complete misjudgment of the tenacity and mentality of the Anglo-Saxons and the potential warpower of the United States in the background, believed that the war in the west had already been won in 1940 and started out on the folly of the Russian war.

"We airmen remained voices crying in vain in the wilderness. Promises were made to build up the largest air force once the Russian war was won. Millions of soldiers were then to be released from the Army and were to be sent to the aircraft industry and to the German Air Force. Only the Air Force was to be built up. In the meanwhile, however, because the Russians were weak in the air, our air armament was put way down on the list; first were submarines, then came tanks, then assault guns, then howitzers or Lord knows what, and then came the Air Force.

"Meanwhile, the Russian war was eating away men, material, armament, and planes, and the only thing that remained for the Air Force was a promise that was never kept: that it be built high again after the Russian war.

"Let nobody claim that this complete failure of the Luftwaffe

was the fault of the airmen. The Oberkommando der Wehrmacht, and as its head, the Führer, were to blame. (Hitler was to blame for everything.) The Führer decided the war aims himself, the distribution of the tasks and the armament. The General Staff's duty was to recognize and decide which branch of the service would be most important in future operations and in the decisive years and distribute the armament accordingly.

"The fact that the Luftwaffe claimed priority was considered by the General Staff to be a one-sided view of the Luftwaffe. The General Staff itself was too shortsighted for far-reaching conceptions. Its mental horizon was too narrow. How could it be otherwise? Few men there were able to think in terms other than those of the ground combat troops. The Führer himself had repeatedly asked: 'Why should Air Force leaders be required? I thought a general of another branch could lead the Air Force just as well. An infantry general had been in command during the World War.' The Führer told me that as late as a few days ago. What a view to take!

"Over the war years it wasn't only that the production figures were not increased; new types of aircraft were not forthcoming either. At the end of the war we were still flying the same types, though highly developed, as at the beginning of the war.

"It is true that unheard-of inventions and progress were made in individual fields, far ahead of the rest of the world, but they all came too late; and again, because of the shortsightedness of the German High Command and of certain 'know-alls' at the head of the German industry, they came in such small numbers that they could no longer be decisive.

"We were smothered by the enormous superiority of American and Russian material, because the German High Command undertook too much on the ground in the East and because it did not direct the main weight of armament fight from the beginning towards air supremacy and thereby safeguard Germany's vital zones and armament industry and ward off any attack from the West.

"Everything depends on air supremacy; everything else must take second place. The supremacy of the sea is only an appendage of air

supremacy. Look at the development in the European war and the developments in the situation in the Pacific area. Even the strongest fleet is of no value if the enemy has air supremacy. It can no longer leave its ports or does so only to be destroyed.

"The country that has air supremacy and vigorously strengthens its air power over all other forms of armament to maintain its supremacy, will rule the lands and the seas, and will rule the world. The proper conclusions with respect to leadership and planning of armament must be drawn from the fact. The lessons call for a strong and independent Air Force command, put far above the others, or an Air Force command on equal footing with the command of the rest of the Armed Forces.

"The requirements for maintaining air supremacy are decisive in all questions of organization, relative strength, allotment of manpower, and supplies. All plans for the defense of a country, a continent, or a sphere of interest, or for offensive operations, must be in the hands of the Air Force command. The Army and Navy commands are subordinate authorities. Although they cannot be done away with entirely, they must adapt themselves to all requirements in the air, which covers the entire world and extends to the high heavens.

"The Air Force must be allowed to move its wings freely and must be relieved of the ballast of ground and naval forces. Future General Staffs must have Air Force officers in the decisive positions, men who can think in terms of the world and who have a wide horizon. Every soldier generally thinks only as far as the radius of action of his branch of the service and only as quickly as he can move with his weapons. For this season, naval officers will rarely, and army officers almost never, be able to keep pace with the large scale thoughts and wide horizons which the men of all air forces in the world have more or less acquired.

"What a giant machine a Corps with a number of divisions is on the ground; 50,000 men with thousands of vehicles and a great deal of artillery, a large command machinery, and it fights on a front of fifteen or twenty kilometers. A monster, and yet it is interested only in its neighbors on the right and on the left; what happens to

be an army or two further on is hardly noticed by the Corps. But the Air Force officer sees much, much more and thinks further; he thinks in entirely different channels. What is the large fighting front of a Corps even to a little lieutenant flying long-range reconnaissance? The width of a thumb and no more. That is the way it is on the battlefield; how must it be in the High Command?"

Then Hermann Wilhelm Göring spoke like a true unreconstructed German, the good old German glint in his eye, his powder-blue gloves whacking his knee.

"Germany has been beaten, eliminated," he said. But it will be interesting to watch the development of the remaining Great Powers, the stupidities at home, and the battle of wits abroad.

"Will it be as it always has been, that they all, every one of them, will not learn from the past and will continue to make the old mistakes in economics, politics and war again and again?"

CHAPTER TWENTY

The Moscow Government Swallows Itself

FROM THE FRINGES of the Berchtesgaden Redoubt, our American occupied territory frizzled eastward into Red Army domains.

In this section I switched to a Russian jeep, steered by a Red Army WAC. Her name was Tcherina and she was a young peasant girl from the Urals. The war had taken her from the fields near Sverdlovsk. Tcherina had been with the Red Army a long time. She had been at Stalingrad. "Who can talk about that?" she said. "There were so many dead."

Stolid and sober-faced, like so many Asiatic Russians, Tcherina seemed forbidding at first glance. One moment she was silent as darkness, rigid as ice, then suddenly she would smile, when we saw anything to smile about, and throw her head up from the steering wheel and laugh so heartily that it would have done your heart good to hear her. She had soft brown eyes and rich tanned skin, made richer by the white flower tucked in the throat of her blouse.

Tcherina's special pride, and for some reason also her joy, seemed to be her towering hair. She wore it in a coil so high on the top of her head that her jaunty little soldier's cap was only a pillbox pinnacle, and on each fast curve she steadied the whole arrangement by holding it in place with one hand while she steered around the bend with the other.

She had her duty to do, her bearing seemed to say, and that was that. But she could not keep the look of curiosity out of her eyes at being with a foreigner. This alternated with signs of pride in her

jeep, and whatever the combination added up to, it was in any case very delightful. She spoke only a few words of English, but this didn't matter. With a tilt of her head, a lift of her shoulder, a wave of her hand, or a wonderful grimace, Tcherina could conduct a conversation, clear, intelligent and humorous, which was as plain to me as anyone could express in words. To know Tcherina, like knowing most other Russians I have met, was to like the Russian people.

A Russian, and still more a Russian woman, generally reveals something of her nationality. The women of Russia, like the rivers of their native land, seem to be subject to sudden and prolonged spells of apathy or of energy. In their movements, undulating like the water, there are sudden threats of frost or fever. The high latitude, the difficulty of life, the heavy and mournful sky, the inexorable climate—all these fatalities seem to leave their mark on the Moscovite race. A certain somber absorption which, under the influence of circumstance can become implacable, a cold strength or a hot will, and an indomitable power of resolution, all these traits are visible even in young women of this powerful and attractive race. Nearly every Russian reveals something of that fierce and rigid nationality which burns its towns and, as Napoleon said, keeps battalions of dead soldiers on their feet.

The Russians, however, are not "inscrutable." Western politicians and Hollywood movies have compounded the legend about the inscrutableness of eastern people as a whole, from Stalin to Charlie Chan, with their faces supposed to conceal great depths of "realism" or avarice. Their faces conceal little or nothing.

The unemotional expression operates for the most part only as a natural defense mechanism. Whenever an Asiatic does not wish to argue with you, he becomes "inscrutable" and remains so until the argument is over.

Promptly thereafter the Russian becomes as congenial, agreeable, and understandable as you please.

In his anxiety to be personally agreeable, however, you find the Russian at every official level working against great odds, which frequently are embarrassing to him in his contact with foreigners.

For the Russians you see everywhere lack authority and are afraid to act.

This is an established characteristic of all bureaucracy, of course, and the U.S.S.R. now maintains the largest bureaucracy in the world. Everyone works for the Government and, therefore, everyone is a part of the bureaucracy itself.

This lack of free judgment and authority, plus a genuine and profound ignorance on the part of the average Russian official or soldier about nearly anything outside Russia, makes it necessary for most Russians, big and little, to be silent or evasive with foreigners most of the time. In the absence of knowing what to do the Russian, naturally, does nothing. He simply becomes "inscrutable."

Of course, when the high authorities get together for action, it is accomplished. But that is over the heads and beyond the sight of those millions operating in the system as a whole, who are bogged down by visible and invisible red tape.

The effect leads to the general impression that the average Russian politico or soldier is more conniving than really he may be in any particular instance, and it was not until our military leaders in Europe understood this fact that they were able to get along with the Russians at all.

Even so, the top flight Russians must constantly refer the most amazingly trivial matters to Moscow—while everyone sits and waits for the answer. Inherently, the Communist system requires this procedure, for it must, and does, operate on the assumption that the man on the spot probably is not fitted to make a proper decision. And the man on the spot knows, in turn, that he cannot afford to do anything which an unseen and unknown superior might consider to be a mistake. As the result of a single blunder, he may disappear into a concentration camp and never be heard from again. His very life is at stake.

Thus, as always, fear permeates and pollutes the power system from top to bottom. On at least one occasion, for example, the Russian Ambassador to London told our embassy officials there that if he was unable to obtain their agreement to a directive he had received from Moscow (in this case the diversion of a Britain-

bound convoy to Murmansk), he could not return home without risk of death.

At the base of the power system, among the millions, ignorance shadows everything. This does not arise so much from the average Russian's limited *degree* of education—equivalent to about our fifth grade in American rural schools—but from the *type* of education supplied the Russian people as a whole.

Communism is merely feeding upon abstractions when it persuades itself that education is possible without the freedom of the individual. To preach the beauties of education to a population manacled by propaganda, is to eulogize the pleasures of dancing to a man while you cut off his legs.

To be educated is to guide one's self, to have attained one's majority, to be intellectually and spiritually emancipated, and to be master of one's own thoughts and concepts.

But in the communist system of governmentalized life the people are required to believe, to admit, and to obey as they are told. *They are minors in perpetuity.*

The various layers of office-holders above them, one on top of the other and all above the people as a whole, alone possess the law of what is right, the secret of justice, and the definition of what is the truth. This is the condition men and women are landed in by the idea of governmentalized life and it is merely toying with a label to speak of education in connection with it for the people as a whole.

The weakness, therefore, in the "education" of the Russian Mass Man is organic. That, of itself, represents the greatest future threat to Russia's own tranquillity and to the rest of the world, now that the results from similar weaknesses in Nazi "education" have spent themselves in blood and pain and sorrow to the German people and to men and women everywhere.

What is the effect of the Russian occupation on the Germans? As with all totalitarian systems, the details of the occupation policy were unpredictable—and full of surprises. For example, in many of the localities along the Red Army fringe the Soviet administrators promptly treated the German nationals with a much lighter

hand than expected. Fear of Russians had been so fiercely instilled in the Germans that nearly anything the Russians did seemed mild. The Germans could hardly believe what they saw.

The advance shock units of the great Red Army—well-motorized, in American vehicles, well-gunned, well-trained—seemed to the Germans to be on a par with their own crack divisions and similar British, French, or American regulars, except that most Russian soldiers are small and the Germans had expected giants. The Russian wrestler, who tours abroad, for instance, is hardly typical. The vast country supplies all types, of course, and there are big men as well as the little fellows, but the overwhelming majority of Russians are much shorter than the Germans and about the size of the soldiers of France.

Stalin himself is an inch shorter than Winston Churchill (5 feet, 5 inches). Zhukov, Molotov, Maisky, Litvinov, and most of the Soviet leaders are short men. They have broad shoulders and, therefore, when photographed at a conference table, appear larger than they are; but the small size of the average Russian was the Germans' first surprise.

This was expanded into complete amazement when the secondary units showed up. There always was a tremendous difference between the crack German divisions and the run-of-the-mine German Army, about the same as the difference between the West Point cadet corps and the yearlings in the national guard. But in the Red Army the difference was so great that the Germans could hardly believe what they saw.

The bulk of the vast Red Army traveled on foot, moving in squads or groups, with confiscated wagons or ox carts loaded with hay, blankets, cans, cooking equipment, ammunition, food, forage, and loot. Living on the land, they herded horses, cattle, sheep, and women folk along with them. The great wave moved ever so slowly, more like a tremendous migration than a march, carrying most of their "lines of supply" with them and serviced only to a minimum with otherwise unobtainable things by central supply organizations. This, for example, accounts for the apparent "delay" in the Russians' capture of Berlin after the first-line divisions had

reached the outskirts and even had their artillery bearing on the city. The following months were consumed while the horde representing the main body of the immense Russian forces moved forward like a slowly rising tide along a front so broad that it could not possibly be defended.

Russia had not bombed German cities. The Red Army pursued no strategic bombing plan in the sense that we did. This was due to two causes: The Russians did not have a substantial or really effective bombing fleet, and the Luftwaffe, even to the end, did not entirely lose control of the air in the east. Further, the Russians wanted to capture German plants and machinery intact if possible for later on-the-spot use under what turned out to be the Potsdam Reparations Program in 1945, or for uprooting and transfer into Russia.

Swarms of Soviet supervisors moved with the ox-carts and the trudging columns, or on the trains with the troops whenever rolling stock could be found. They dropped out of the advance at every likely spot and immediately set the local men and women busy as beavers dismantling any factory, machinery, or equipment that they could find. They simply gathered the pieces into unsorted, unpacked piles—typewriters, tools, lathes, motors, cranes, telephones, wire, and what not—to send to railheads by truck, wagon, ox-cart, canal boat, and every other means, for transport to Russia.

In handling the people in most occupied zones, the Soviet representatives first implied that they might blow the whole place to kingdom come. Then, with this well understood, they let it be known that if the people got busy and worked for the commissars they might blow up only half the place. The people worked for the commissars. When added work and additional coöperation was needed the Russians suggested that they would do even less damage if the people would help even more. The people helped even more.

As for the export of manpower to Russia, generally this was accomplished a little later, the procedure being repeated again and again once it was started in any locality. Generally the seizures took place without warning, usually at dawn, when long lines of Ameri-

can Lend-Lease trucks and lorries, painted with the Red Star, would enter a village. Storm troops commanded the leading vehicle. They would set up tripods under a few machine guns at the street crossings, and then sit behind their guns and wait.

Small squads of ordinary Red Army soldiers would drop out of the next few trucks, surround the village's houses, barns, and shops, and break the doors in on a signal from their leader. They would search all premises, and especially hideaway shelters, at bayonet point and drive the people into the guarded assembly spots. The youngest and most fit-looking, at a ratio of about five men to one woman, were herded into the lorries—possessing only the clothes on their backs—just as both the Germans and Russians seized the people from the Baltic states, in 1941.

When the lorries were full they would leave for the Russian-bound box cars at the nearest railhead.

They were sent to lumber camps, fisheries, construction, and mining camps in the northern regions of European Russia.

They were sent to the coal, iron, and copper mines and to the oil fields in the Komi Soviet Republic.

They were sent to the copper mines on the islands of Vaigach and Novaya Zemlya in the Arctic Ocean, where one of the prison barges sank with a loss of 7,000 lives.

They were sent to the road and railroad camps in the provinces of Molotov, Kuibyshev, Gorki, Yaroslav, the Ural region, and the Mordva Soviet Republic.

They were sent to western Siberia and central Asia; the provinces of Novosibirsk, Omsk, Kazakstan, and Uzbekistan, and into the wilds of eastern Siberia, and the Far East.

If the Russians seized a quarter of the population of a community the families of the one-quarter mourned and were bitter. But those who were spared thanked the Russians for not taking them off to the Russian forests and mines and promised to reward the commissars for this by faithful labor and good political behavior. Many of them asked for Hammer and Sickle emblems and put them on their tunics at once.

If the Russians drove off on the hoof only half the horses and

livestock, the German-Austrian villagers bowed their appreciation over not losing the other half. If Red Army quartermasters, far from supplying relief, refrained from seizing whatever foodstuffs remained, the population blinked its eyes and extended quick and nimble appreciation.

The Russians never broke any relief promises because they never made any.

As for the political impact of all this on the democratic ideal of Europeans, the effect is mixed.

Stalinism is now considered in Europe as the *rival* of democracy —as was Hitlerism—and Stalin's official pronouncements formalize and stimulate that fact, exactly as did Hitler's.

Where, then, does democracy stand in the face of this?

For the most part, the man in the street in Europe thinks of what we call democracy in terms of his own experience with it. And in most instances this dates back to the tragic period which followed the last war.

Whether or not democracy was given a real chance to work at that time is beside the point. Insofar as the memory of the individual is concerned, their parliamentary governments between the two wars proved unable to protect their individual or collective liberties or their lives.

The memory of this lingers in Europe today. In the woof and fiber of the countries themselves, as distinguished from the lead articles in Europe's political newspapers, there is little struggle to make democracy work, for it impresses many as a long, tedious, and doubtful project in terms of living conditions and security.

The profound danger to the world represented is that, as such an attitude seeps back to America and becomes more noticeable, our own people at home—counting our wounds in the war—may decide to wash their hands of everything, good and bad, outside the twelve-mile limit at the earliest opportunity. Neither we, nor the Europeans, nor the world, can afford to have that happen, but, tragically enough, the trend here is bound to be in that direction unless Europeans themselves mend their ways.

To exert the needed patience, we have to remember that there

cannot be within the past two generations an all-consuming Niagara, next a life-shaking depression, and then another Niagara in Europe, without leaving behind a disorganization and disillusionment beyond anything we have ever experienced. With this in mind, we should not grow too defeatist.

Every local self-seeker rushes in for loot. Every fanatic, both evil and good, wishes to apply the hammer of his own ideas while the iron is hot. To some degree we ourselves fall into this practice. We may unwittingly re-enact the fable of the fox and the stork: inviting our guests to the banquet of all our democratic virtues but presenting them on an Anglo-American dish to which Europeans are by nature unaccustomed and from which they cannot, or will not, eat.

We must self-discipline ourselves against mentally arranging Europeans according to our own categories of virtue and sin. The citizen we consider "undemocratic" is not necessarily a bad citizen in many parts of Europe. Europe is beyond high-school age. She is a beautiful and cultivated woman, in whom an ancestral wildness survives, and to treat her as if she were naughty or ignorant is ridiculous.

If, with purse strings attached and American zealots at the hearthstones, we offer millions of peasants or cultivated Europeans a political system or educational emphasis which seems good to Americans, we may be offering what to them appears naïve.

Those who rush into our ideological fold may, by the standards of their own people, be renegades. We must avoid the British error of appearing to be the grandmother of a continent on which we do not live, and the schoolmaster's error of assuming that the immediately docile and pliable are the virtuous and typical.

The great mass of Europeans wish to dream their own dreams, and not ours. As their dreams differ from ours, so do many of their faiths and many of their concepts of integrity.

At Locarno, French Foreign Minister Briand said, "We must all learn a new language. We must learn to speak European." Of that language it sometimes appears we are profoundly ignorant, as are

also the British, who are not Continentals, and as are also the Russians.

The ignorance is most glaring of all in our case, and yet it is hard to imagine anything more dangerous than massive, comprehensive, and satisfied ignorance set in motion by good intentions.

That our ignorance is inculpable because of our wholesome character and good purposes excuses its existence. But it does not diminish the consequences.

It is possible that Europe is facing two alternative forms of democracy: Either the will of the majority must be expressed through parties, the party structure must admit of majorities, or these majorities must assume the responsibility of government—all of which is impossible for long if there are less than two parties, both strong and virile, or more than three or four parties of any importance; or some new adventure, such as to attempt legislation through referendums upon all important questions, must be tried. Surely the latter would not work, for it would reduce the legislature to a nonentity and destroy the essence of constructive government, which is teamwork between the administrative and legislative branches. It would be, of course, the negation of representative government.

Whether the disillusioned countries in Europe can recover from their shocks and return to liberal democracies by reasonable party organizations depends upon many factors. One factor is the penetration into the individual mind of the European man and woman of the necessity for advancement through compromise, otherwise known as political reasonableness. This is the ingredient most lacking in the Latin countries like France, Italy, and Spain, but noticeably lacking everywhere else except in Switzerland and Scandinavia.

Reasonableness is implicit in successful democracy. It implies a willingness and spirit of compromise in individuals of perhaps some diverse points of view to work together within a single party where they can agree on a considerable portion of objectives. Until that appears there can be no prompt revival of successful democracy on the Continent.

Now the post-war tendency is to think in terms of a new and

better strong man to pull each people through—a patriot of their own nationality but not necessarily one of their own choosing. The parliamentary ideal, which was abroad after the last war, has no equivalent appeal to them today.

In their war weariness, even the worries about new governments ignite little interest compared with the lure of placing themselves and their worries in someone else's hands. The first desire of the human heart is to find something on which to lean.

This is the strength in Generalissimo Stalin's appeal to millions of Europeans who might otherwise be expected to take alarm at the Russian system and see in it a new tyranny and a new threat to their freedom.

Defeat of Hitler has not destroyed the Big Man complex in Europe and Stalinism does not suffer on this score. It does not appear that the lessons of the grief that totalitarianism brings have been learned. But the ability of any leader to stir his nation into new aggression (if it is opposed and means sacrifices) is another matter. Emotional exhaustion and war weariness stand in the way.

For instance, in Paris on May Day I attended the largest Communist celebration in France. The hall was hardly a quarter full. This does not mean the Communist program in France or elsewhere lacks supporters or is weak in organization at the polls. The Communists have veered away from the public demonstration phase of their program and are devoting themselves to organizational work in the grassroots. Further, there are many secret military arms of the Communist Party, like L'Apparto (The Apparatus) in Italy, run by Italian-born, Russian-naturalized Ruggiero Grieco, and through a pyramid of secret cells preparing strikes with threats of violent action if the known representatives of the Communist Party are not supported.

What has taken place in Poland, Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia, Bulgaria, Austria and elsewhere is likewise taking place behind the façade of the "free" government in Finland.

Finland's independence is, of course, only nominal. The threat of "once and for all" has been carried out. Power rests in General Zhdanoff, head of the Soviet Control Commission and the new

"Finnish National Police" under the direction of the Minister of Interior, Y. K. Leino, who served a prison sentence in 1930 as a Communist insurrectionist. His deputy is a Finn who was parachuted by the Russians behind the lines in 1943 as a spy. Membership in the Communist Party now is requisite to membership in the national police, controlled directly from Moscow.

In Yugoslavia the Kremlin maintains the OZNA—or committee for the defense of the people—a secret communist police continuing the methods of the German Gestapo and containing many ex-Gestapo members. The Political Kommissars created by the Communists are seeded into every Yugoslav military unit, governmental department, school and university and in every factory. The Communist Militza, or Armed Police, the equivalent of the early Nazi Brown Shirts, are in all towns and villages. Throughout the Russian zones there is also an organization called the Pioneers, which copies the Hitler Youth and Italian Ballila and which bends the twigs in the same way—taught to spy and, as usual, to denounce their own parents to the Red police when advisable.

Such political situations in Europe resound with a familiar ring —most of them strictly on the Béla Kun pattern established immediately after the last war.

Béla Kun, a Hungarian, had been a prisoner of war in Russia during World War I, joined Lenin's group there, and had been sent back to Hungary to agitate for Bolshevism, seize power, and install a communist government. He inaugurated a reign of terror under the cryptic initials of a secret political party, seized all property, raised a guerrilla army, and reoccupied a strip of Hungary ceded to Czechoslovakia by the Allied Powers. He threatened to invade Roumania, and under Lenin's direction organized a communist movement to threaten Austria. The Roumanian Army, in turn, had advanced into Hungarian territory. The Allied Supreme Council in secret session found that when this frightened Italy, the Italian government sold Béla Kun arms for gold. Béla Kun was overthrown. This was Hungary's third post-Armistice revolution. But, like so many other countries, it soon had another—and another.

The new spearhead for international communism, the militant Congress of the New World Federation of Trade Unions, is geared into such political actions. The present leadership in this organization represents a triumph for the wing of Russian foreign policy dedicated to world revolution. Thus the organization now quietly takes over many of the functions of the Third Internationale which was supposed to have been dissolved in May, 1943, when Russia was desperately in need of military and Lend-Lease help and was strongly advised to disclaim her open efforts for world revolution in order to improve sentiment abroad toward Russia.

Louis Saillant, an official of the French Confederation of Labor, is the general secretary of this organization. He operates as the delegate of French Communists to the leaders of the Soviet state-controlled trade unionists led by Vassily V. Kuznetsov and Mexican Vincente Lombardo Toledano. America's Sidney Hillman, journeying overseas, was chairman of the meeting at which Saillant was elected and he put the weight of the American delegates on the Soviet side.

But public apathy in Europe interferes with spontaneous support of such enterprises for the time being, and all programs encounter great difficulty in getting anyone to march and cheer for anything.

This fact contains the most hopeful single ingredient I observed for working out some kind of durable peace on the Continent. For six years the work of Europe has been on guns and death, but the prayers of Europe have been for food and peace.

This desire for tranquillity, for an opportunity to be undisturbed in homes, factories, and barnyards, exists on a scale beyond anything I have observed in Europe in over twenty years.

But finding a universal political solution for Europe, with its twenty-three races, its "A" and "B" divisions, its war-intensified nationalism, and its jerry-built political structure, is an old and weary enterprise attempted by many before Stalin. Roman Emperor Hadrian tried it—by restraint and wisdom; Hildebrand (Gregory VII)—by religion under a Pope; Maximilian Hapsburg—by royal intermarriage; Louis XIV—by bluff and culture; Bismarck

—by counterpoint alliances. It encounters the same obstacles now as ever.

"Remote control" through political puppets scattered across the map, their strings all pulled from the Kremlin, as sometimes imagined in America, appears far harder at close range than it does at a distance. The political headaches ahead for the Kremlin are fantastic.

Soviet Russia's internal and external problems have grown enormously in the war, and the ability of *any* leadership to meet them in peace with anything like the success with which they were met in war is, under present conditions, neither indicated nor promised.

War conditions are made to order for any totalitarian or semi-totalitarian state. No other political condition required so little adaptation to war. Totalitarianism and militarism go together. But the conversion of Russia's *expanded totalitarianism* to peace and its peaceful extension in peaceful ways is enough to defy anyone's imagination.

In 1935 such warnings against the aggressive quality in Nazi totalitarianism as I attempted to express in writings then, including its ultimate collapse in violence, were based on exactly the fundamentals which the U.S.S.R., in turn, is displaying now.

Aggression, war-making propaganda at home and the castigation of democracies abroad, the assassination of freedom, and such other qualities of the Power State are never subtle. They were not subtle as regards Germany in 1933–35, and they are not subtle as regards Russia today.

Yet if Russia continues in the same pattern that Hitler followed after 1933–35, the Soviet will discover that Europe in the long run treats no one conqueror better than another.

Russia cannot digest and utilize the spoils of Europe.

The self-consuming distractions beyond her borders are too great, the endless variety of conflicts Russia faces abroad are too great, the encroachment on the tenacity of Western civilization is too resented within Europe, and the alarm within the Anglo-Saxon powers regarding any expansionist movements becomes unbearable.

The bigger, wider and more diversified Russia's exploitations are in Europe and Asia, the more sure they are to backfire on the U.S.S.R. The abundance of intellect fails. It simply cannot stretch far enough to encompass all. The more power needed, the more occasions for stupidity. Brute force without sublime intelligence, falls by its own weight.

Death and bureaucratic stagnation take their toll. Rivals and nonconformists grow within the government enclosure, at home and abroad. It becomes more advantageous for nonconformists to defy than to conform. The peculiar conflicts and cross-resistances, in each dominated nation, continue to cost more than the area can return. The Moscow government, like the Egyptian serpent in the desert, swallows itself.

Russia now faces many of the identical problems Hitler faced in his early years in power.

As with Hitler then, her basic problem now is how to *successfully* produce and *distribute* peacetime goods in a totalitarian economy.

When Hitler started to governmentalize and indoctrinate the German people, he did so in the words and "philosophy" of a "do-gooder," not as a warmonger.

"The National Socialist Plan," said Hitler, "promises all Germans strength through joy. We shall banish want. We shall banish fear. There must be cheap *Volkswagon* (his state-produced automobile which was never produced) for workers to ride in, broad Reichsautobahns (largely built by slave labor) for the *Volkswagon*. National Socialism is the Revolution of the Common Man. Rooted in a fuller life for every German, from childhood to old age, National Socialism means a new day of abundance at home and a better World Order abroad."

Promises of "full-employment" for peace and the reward of a better life not of war allowed him to build a power state. Hitler always said he hated war. But the governmentalized state in any form, fascist or communist, is not feasible without the *idea* of war. In the long run, it can only be made to operate by an emergency technique.

In the governmentalized state, peace would ultimately require a miracle: as a floating island of marble would be a miracle, or a quartz bird which flew and sang and lived forever in mid-air. So far as peace is concerned, the totalitarian structure is built without foundations, without buttresses, held in place without consideration for peace's laws of gravity, and never to be relied upon in any of its forms as an instrument of international tranquillity. At home and abroad the governmentalized state must preach struggle.

The problem starts within the reactionary design of the economy itself.

In the free state the individual works because he has reasonable hopes in the future for himself and his family—reasonably procurable by his own efforts. He is convinced that effort, savings, and self-faith will result in a better life for himself and his family as times goes on.

Wheels turn within our country, for example, and have made it the most productive in the world, largely because of the American worker's conviction that his labor at a lathe, in an electric light bulb plant, in a mine, or at a loom will bring him, not a dole but an automobile, a house and lot, greater independence, or the thousand and one human desires which spur him on. As he works at his job, and others work similarly at theirs, his wants or the wants of others cannot all be satisfied immediately. But this does not retard his willingness to work. His reasonable hope fills the gap and sustains the nation's productivity.

The worker cannot buy his car from a few weeks' labor in making bulbs, but when he has saved a few hundred dollars, he is closer to owning the car. He keeps working for attainable purposes.

Confidence in his own independence enters here. The worker knows that at a stated point in his labor, represented by accumulated dollars, he will have the fruit of his labor. He does not have to depend on political preference to get his car. He does not have to ask any ward heeler or commissar whether an automobile, a plot of ground, a deep-freeze, or a new dress for his wife will be allotted to him. He does not have to guess at the rewards of his efforts. If he works and saves, he knows he can deliver his money and get

what he wants—no questions asked. The line forms on the right. Hope and self-interest—resounding to the productivity of the nation as a whole—keep him trying at his job.

But in the totalitarian state, where bureaucracy, red tape, arbitrariness, politics, party favoritism, and regimentation sooner or later undermine every worker's hopes for the future, and result in squirrel-cage toil, the majority of men and women grow discouraged over the prospect of rewards much beyond the subsistence level. The leaders find that the people work hard and constantly only if taught to *fear* the future. Production plans in a "planned economy" do not go well when the leader talks of international tranquillity. They go better when the leader tells the people that enemies "encircle" them, that the nation is surrounded by demons who wish to hurt her, that all sacrifices must be borne, not because the state planners' economic plans are failing but because their lives are at stake as a result of foreign factors beyond the leaders' control. The fascist or communist states, in the stupidity of their economic concepts, lead directly to the *necessity* for warmongering.

The problem, then, is how far the leader can go in verbally threatening the world, largely for home consumption, without being forced to fight. The equation can be balanced nicely for a time. Hitler balanced it for six years. Then the pressures for action became unbearable, the need to justify the made work represented by nonproductive armaments becomes vital, and the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" begins to sound hollow. Finally, national ego must be fed the food of conquest to compensate for the food of better lives promised in the past and still not supplied.

As totalitarian Germany faced this problem, so in the new peace Germany's successor power state, the Soviet Union, faces it now. And as the world was confronted by Germany's problem then, so is the world confronted by Russia's now, although not necessarily with the same outcome.

With Germany and Japan beaten, the Kremlin assumes the responsibility to the Russian people for "full employment." But contentment within a nation does not arise from work only. Millions regard work as drudgery. The majority of people in any nation

consider work only a means to an end. Therefore, the problem of production evolves around what the people get *for themselves* through full employment.

When bureaucracy, government expense, political favoritism, vast nation-wide troubles emanating from any single mistake at the top of the brain-trusted state, stern discipline, and long disappointments interfere with planned results, as they always do, rewards for work become more and more dim.

When the individual worker cannot see that his immediate labor will result in his long-term ease and security, the working population slows down to a walk—and so does the entire "planned economy." As this happens, the line of least resistance for the political leaders is to reintroduce the stimulus of fear, the idea that the world threatens the nation, and that everyone must continue to "sacrifice" for "survival." The concoction of a national fear is the only injection which can revive a planned economy's industrial stagnation. This is the basic threat of any totalitarian state to the peace of the world.

Unless industrialized Russia, in her reconversion era, can overcome her own totalitarianism within herself, she will not possess the essential ingredient for a lasting peace. In the long run, either her newly educated and long-sacrificing people must be economically free or the Kremlin must send them back to war.

Knowing this, what is the reaction of thoughtful people in Europe today, now that the war is over? With Germany militarily defeated, the center of European fear only shifts—from Berlin to Moscow. Fear itself remains.

The U.S.S.R. contains the same paralyzing elements which have controlled the social and economic tempo of Europe and obstructed the basic development of peace on the Continent.

Yet, except for immediate war indemnities already sanctioned under the Truman-Attlee-Stalin Potsdam Agreement, what *but grief* has the domination of Europe to offer for the material welfare of the Russian people, for the tranquillity and prosperity of Russia, for the peace of the world?

Europe has nothing Russia needs, in manpower or raw materials,

and as for home security through the control of neighboring buffer states, the thankless idea is absurd and archaic in this age of air. If the war taught nothing else, certainly it should have taught that.

To the extent that domination of buffer areas creates international tension (Poland), or internal resistance (Finland), the whole policy has no purpose whatever. *Political or military aggression for territory no longer pays off, even in terms of self-security.*

If the lessons of Europe's past are both bad and archaic, where then is Russia's lesson for the future? Wonder of wonders, it is already written—spelled out, tried and proven, documented and displayed. It requires only that Russia now have wisdom enough to read the book.

The book is the book of America, written in the wisdom of our own revolutionary forefathers.

It displays, through our results here, the rewards to our people and to the world arising from the American formula of freedom and self-development, the avoidance of attempts to subordinate or control neighbors and the refusal to foist an ideology on others.

It shows what can be done by a favorably situated nation, possessing ample raw materials and manpower, which devotes its national energies to the welfare of its own people and to their liberty.

It tells the story of freedom at home and no intervention abroad except on severe provocation.

Hope of all hopes, and idle as the dream may be, the archaic blunders which are being repeated abroad now in the postwar world and which are piling up, are needless and can be corrected if the new and great Soviet state—the only other truly powerful state in the world—will realize the futility of the power concept.

The guiding page from the American book, which some day must be read by Russia in her own self-interest and for the peace of the world, was cited by President Woodrow Wilson before the Senate, January 21, 1917:

"I am proposing," he said, "the doctrine of President Monroe as the doctrine of the world; that no nation should seek to extend its policy over any other nation or people, but that every people

should be left free to determine its own policy, its own way of development—unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid—the little along with the great and powerful."

Unquestionably, had we wished to, America could have carved for herself, long before this, an empire and political domain greater than Britain's or greater than Russia may see for herself in the future. With nearly twice the non-subject population of the entire British Empire (132,000,000 compared with 68,000,000), with nearly twice the national wealth of the entire British Empire, including the fabulous wealth of India (400 billions compared with 260 billions, in 1929), America could have conquered the entire Western Hemisphere long before this. What a land mass! What markets! What safety! What everything!

Canada, with only 11,000,000 population (not fifty per cent of it British), would have been easy prey—as easy for us as Finland was for Russia. But we let Canada alone. We might have intervened in Mexico, breaking up that nation during any of a dozen revolutions—more easily than Russia is breaking up and absorbing Poland. One by one, the rich plums of Central and South America could have been ours. We could have thought of a thousand excuses—the protection of our Panama waterway, the need for "buffer state" protection, and a whole list of "national needs"—as appropriate as anything Russia can concoct before any Council of Foreign Ministers or the United Nations organization today.

But, from the beginning, America chose a different course. That we did so is one of the most significant and encouraging facts of history, deserving of far greater emphasis than it has ever received. Though there may be plenty for which we should hang our heads, America never embarked on the imperialistic career which *has characterized every other great power of the past.* And if cynics insist that this was because "we did not have to," then even on such low grounds, it is equally true that broad and abundant Russia "does not have to" either.

The lessons of America's career on one hand, and Germany's debacle on the other, can be of incalculable value to Russia now in recognizing the *futility* of her power.

Most of Russia's worries will disappear the moment she forgets European and Asiatic traditionalism and attains this viewpoint. For, in reality, Russia has nothing to fear but herself.

If the U.S.S.R. can understand the self-benefits in America's historic self-restraint there can be a future for the people of Russia comparable to the future our forefathers built for themselves in their United States. If not, Russia's present spoils from this terrible war will be a snare, and the promise of any future tranquillity for herself or the world will be an illusion.

THE END

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